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REVEREND HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We present our readers this week with the portrait of the most celebrated preacher and most popular orator in the country, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. He is one of the many children (thirteen, we believe, in number) of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, a veteran divine who still survives in vigorous health. Mr. Beecher was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813. He graduated at Amherst College, Massachusetts, in 1834, and studied Theology under his father at the Lane Seminary, in Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1837 he was settled as a Presbyterian clergyman, in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, where he preached for two years, and then removed to Indianapolis, where he remained until he was called by the orthodox Congregational Society of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York, where his ministry commenced in 1847, and still continues. Mr. Beecher was one of the founders of *The Independent* newspaper, to which he is still an occasional contributor, over the signature of a star. His works—if they may be so called—consist of a volume of "Lectures to Young Men"—"The Plymouth Collection of Hymns"—a collection of some of his articles in *The Independent*, called "The Star Papers"—and a volume entitled "Life-Thoughts," made up of striking passages from his discourses, reported by an admiring hearer.

Probably no man in the country is more generally known, or regarded with a more personal affection and enthusiasm. Whenever and wherever he speaks, vast crowds assemble; and he is the only orator for whom all the halls and all the churches every where are too small. There are American orators more polished, more elegant, more scholarly, more graceful, more rhetorical, but there is no one who impresses his hearers with a deeper sense of his own sincerity and manliness—no one whose sympathy with suffering and sinful men of all conditions is felt to be sweeter or more ennobling—no one whose affluent imagination so illuminates, and whose tender Christian heart so purifies, the subject he discusses.

Mr. Beecher is identified with various causes; but his independence remains untouched, and he works in his own way. He is a temperance man, but something more. He is an anti-slavery man, but something more. He is an orthodox Congregationalist, but something more. "God works by the Church just as far as he can," said he, in one of his discourses, "but the stream of his working overflows and runs in a hundred ducts besides." In like manner, his chief sympathy and hope are for man, and they run in a thousand rills of speech and action. Whatever hedges, cramps, confines, or in any manner dwarfs human development, is the enemy with which he deals, and the combat is jubilant and triumphant. He rejoices in his strength and in his work. He sends his words for the right, ringing home like the anvil strokes of a blithe blacksmith singing at his forge.

When he rises to speak his face is full of a lambent light—humorous, and sly, and sweet—a kind of happy, boyish innocence and confidence, which directly win sympathy and interest—so that the orator is eloquent before he has spoken. His discourses are generally prepared, but as the tide of feeling rises it overbears the limits of his preparation; his imagination floats and soars beyond the course marked out, and, like a strong bird dipping, and reveling, and darting in the summer air, with the lights of heaven and the colors of earth glancing and glittering upon his plumage, his mind decorates his thoughts with an affluence of exquisite illustration drawn from every department of nature—so felicitous, and charming, and novel, that the happy hearer believes, with Cicero, that a great orator is truly a rarer triumph of nature than a great poet.

Mr. Beecher's voice is not especially musical, nor of great range; his action is vehement and dramatic rather than graceful; and the violent contrasts of effect—the sharp, loud cry and muscular movement, followed by a relaxed frame and ordinary conversational tone—are sometimes unpleasantly suggestive of a poor style of clerical declamation. But the next moment some gush of humor lights, like a sunbeam, upon the level of the discourse, or some lovely sentiment touches it with tender pathos, and thousands of eyes, bright alternately with smiles and tears, proclaim the power which is not to be described or criticised—the magnetic sympathy and persuasion, without which grace and elegance, and music and learning, and wit and fervor, do not suffice for eloquence.

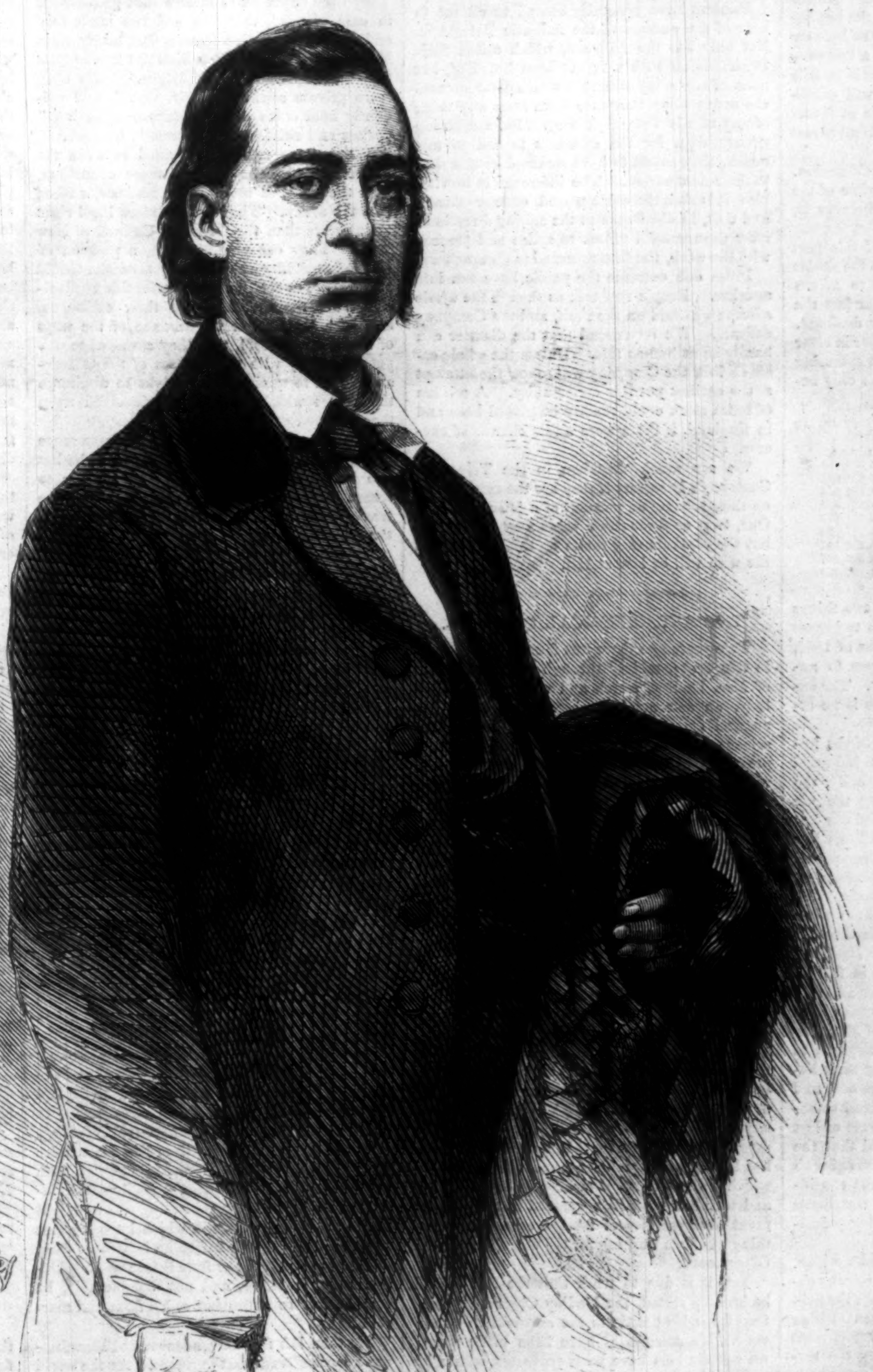
The secret of Mr. Beecher's influence and success with all kinds of minds lies in his broad and sweet humanity. It is both sweet and wise. Liberal Christians, as they are usually called, wonder why he remains within the limits of a creed so orthodox. The temperance men wish he worked more technically under their banner. The Abolitionists heartily denounce him as a trimmer, because, while he sees the dangers and difficulties of our national differences, he also sees and grants the splendor of our prosperity and position, and the magnificent scope of our destiny. Hearty and healthy in body and mind, his theology, his philosophy, his sentiment, are all buoyant, hopeful, and cheerful. He believes in the power and the goodness of God, and therefore perceives the ultimate triumph of his Spirit.

However old he may grow (and may he live as long as good men ought to live!), Henry Ward Beecher will always seem to be a great, noble, blithe boy. His fresh feeling, his exuberant and rollicking humor, his genuine love of men, and faith in their improvement and progress, his most Christian reliance upon the religion of which he is a teacher, will always keep the bloom of youth upon his heart, and its fire in his soul, however Time may brush the hue from his cheek and quench the light in his eye. His youthful appearance is such, that, upon first coming to this neighborhood to preach, he went one Sunday to the church, and, seating himself quietly in the pulpit, was presently warned off by the sexton. "What do you mean?" said Beecher. "Why, we don't allow boys up here," sternly replied the sexton. But Beecher allows boys. No man has a livelier love for children, and more sympathetic intelligence of their tastes, and wishes, and habits. Some of the most striking and beautiful passages of his lectures and sermons are thoughts and illustrations of childhood and youth; and his eye would moisten with hope, and admiration, and longing over a brave boy or a happy girl, as it would, with sorrow and prayerful entreaty, over a sinful fellow-man.

He is an American in the best and truest sense. There is nothing mean, or narrow, or sectional in his fraternal and national feeling. He believes that this continent was intended for the great experiment, and that it will be fully, fairly, and successfully tried. To this end he welcomes the ever-increasing immigration, for whose labor the untracted Western wilds are waiting. He cheers the ship that he sees from his study window, sparkling on the bay, and rich with those who shall be developed into citizens and the parents of citizens. Every Sunday three thousand people in the morning, and three thousand in the evening, hear him expound the Gospel of Christ in this humane and catholic spirit. Every night in every week, except during his summer rest, somewhere and in some way, either at prayer-meetings—at revival meetings—at lyceums—in halls—in school-houses—in theatres—under the trees—from the steps of public buildings—he is preaching, with a text or without a text; and the substance of his discourse is the song of the angels, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Yes—but "Sharp's rifles," and laying corner-stones of armories, and addresses to military companies, how about all these things?

His answer would be short and simple: Human means for human ends. Because we are to love men, we are not, therefore, to let them murder our children, nor lay waste society. Mr. Beecher does not take



REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

a position without understanding it and himself. He rolls up his sleeves and stands to his guns, and whoever attacks it must expect no fair-weather fighting. He occasionally explodes a false rumor about himself with a witticism, sometimes pours in sparkling satire and severe truth-telling; and whoever interrupts him in a speech or a lecture, or in conversation, either playfully or seriously, will find that he has but burnished and sharpened the weapon he opposed.

Mr. Beecher is of medium height, with a florid complexion, and large, soft, humorous blue eyes. His mouth is full and firm, and less poetic than the general character of his face. His boyish appearance is heightened by the hair brushed behind his ears. His dress is always simple and half negligent, like his manner. One very warm Sunday in the dog-days, when he was fresh from the West, he preached in a light linen coat. But he does nothing eccentric for the sake of eccentricity. He is discreet and thoughtful. He fights substances, and not shadows. No man is more liked by his opponents, because no man is more generous to them. A characteristic American, large-hearted, large-handed, large-minded—more learned in men than in books—clear-sighted, and loyal and self-confident, he has already written his name upon the times, and upon the hearts of his countrymen.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 17, 1858.

OUR NATIONAL DEBT.

SECRETARY COBB has advertised for ten of the twenty millions which the Act of the late Congress authorizes him to borrow. Capitalists do not seem very eager to take the loan, mainly because the Secretary, whose experience as a politician is larger than his knowledge as a financier, declines to let people know when the other ten millions are to be awarded. Had a reasonable delay been fixed between the two issues, the whole of the ten millions to be now sold could have been disposed of at a fair premium to two houses in this city. As it is, it is doubtful whether the Government will obtain the money it needs at any thing like as favorable terms as it could be had by any Wall Street banker.

This, however, is a subordinate consideration. The great question which arises, in view of the present condition of the national finances is, Where is this loan system to end?

The revenue tables of the trade of this port for the past year show a falling off in the duties collected from customs of fourteen to fifteen millions of dollars. From September last the revenue from that source has steadily declined. The following table will place the matter in clear relief. We give the revenue from September only, as the effect of the late revulsion only began to be felt then:

United States Revenue from Customs Duties, at the Port of New York.

	1857-'58.	1856-'57.
September	$2,249,982	$3,702,199
October	867,534	3,391,231
November	1,121,792	2,774,844
December	1,172,392	2,381,969
January	1,641,474	4,537,378
February	2,063,784	5,117,250
March	2,213,452	3,752,184
April	1,736,510	3,301,607
May	1,748,227	1,807,289
June	1,685,663	677,811

It is evident from this that one of two things must happen. Either we must begin to import at the rate current in the early months of 1857, or the Government must ask Congress to authorize more loans in December next. The exigency is fearfully pressing, and there is no escape.

What is the prospect of a revival of the import trade? Those who are best informed among the merchants reply, unequivocally, the prospect is slender. Though during the six months of this year which have elapsed our importations have been over eighty millions less than they were during the corresponding period of last year, there are as yet no indications of suffering from a want of foreign goods. We imported so much in 1856 and 1857 that we can safely be content with what we have for the present. Country merchants have large stocks on hand, and not having yet been paid in full for the goods which they sold last summer and fall, they are not particularly anxious to make fresh purchases. The unanimous report of the merchants is, that their customers are disposed to wait till times revive before increasing their liabilities. This is so thoroughly understood, and the merchants of the sea-board received so severe a lesson during the embarrassment of last fall, that it may be taken for granted that the general trade this fall will be, as compared with that of late years, light; and that some considerable period must elapse before the merchants have the courage to import, or the country dealers to buy, freely and copiously.

If this prove so, the President will be driven, in December next, to lay before Congress the absolute necessity of providing means for the public service from some abnormal source. Either more money must be borrowed, or resort must be had to new methods of increasing the revenue. It is possible to increase the revenue in two ways. One is, by repealing the new tariff, and imposing heavier duties on foreign goods; the other is, by the imposition of a direct tax. The former would arouse violent opposition on the part of the free-traders, who are now undoubtedly a majority of the people. It may be said with considerable certainty that a majority of Congress would refuse at all hazards to increase the burdens now resting on foreign goods and merchandise. This much is evident from the late debates on the tariff. As to a direct tax, the chief difficulty springs from our revenue and specie system. It would be impossible to collect a direct tax in gold or silver. In many parts of the country the people have not got specie, and could not get it to pay to the tax-gatherer. Under the law he could receive nothing but specie.

Whether, under these circumstances, Congress will not find itself forced to adopt, as the least inconvenient course, the cheap resort of new loans, the future will prove. People generally do not realize the enormous straits under which the Administration of Mr. Buchanan has labored, and is still laboring, for want of money. It is not generally known, for instance, that but for the intervention of two or three capitalists of this city, a few months back, the Utah army would have starved ere this. The contractors had exhausted their resources; the Government had not the means of advancing them any thing; and had not some rich men in Wall Street, on the urgent solicitation of the Government, consented to cash the drafts of the contractor on the War Department, the whole machinery for the conduct of the expedition would have broken down. Two or three of the much-abused Wall Street bankers saved the public credit and the United States army.

It will be scandalous if the United States plunge into debt in time of peace; but as things look at present, the chances tend strongly that way.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

People have generally ceased to expect to hear of the success of the Atlantic Telegraph. Not only has the *Niagara*, which sailed from Plymouth on 10th ult., not been heard of, but none of the many steamers which have crossed the ocean since that date have seen any thing of any of the Telegraph fleet. Even allowing twenty days for the steamers to sail to mid ocean, they ought to have steamed by this time to their destination. The inference is inevitable: it is that the cable parted, once or oftener, and that, in obedience to the sailing directions, after unsuccessful efforts to splice and proceed with the work, the fleet returned to Queenstown.

From one extreme the public have run into another. People now talk as though the whole scheme was laid on the shelf, and the Company defunct. We apprehend that the disaster can hardly be as bad as this. Unless the whole cable be lost, the Company will renew the attempt at the earliest possible opportunity. A million of extra stock could readily be placed here and in England, if there were a fair chance of success.

We are much mistaken in the Telegraph Company's Directors if they are the men to give up their scheme on account of a failure or two. One, two, or three more years may be wasted; but the croakers may make up their minds that the wire will be laid at last.

THE ASTRONOMICAL QUARREL.

Two years ago there was founded at Albany, in this State, mainly through the munificence of Mrs. Dudley, a rich and very aged Albany lady, an astronomical observatory. The inaugural ceremonies were imposing. All the science of this country and of Canada was present—the American Association for the Advancement of Science happening to be at the time assembled at Albany. The Hon. Edward Everett delivered the oration—a discourse on Astronomy, which is the most perfect performance on the subject of which the world can boast. Every body heard it—philosophers and politicians, financiers and fashionables, merchants and men of leisure—all graced by their presence the inauguration of the Dudley Observatory, and shared the high hopes that were entertained of its future usefulness and high renown.

Two years have elapsed. The Astronomer-in-chief, a young man whose name is Gould, has enjoyed twenty-four months of ample leisure for study and observation. There is reason to believe that the munificence of the endowments of the Observatory has freed him from the necessity of devoting any portion of his time to mere money-getting pursuits. It is notorious that he has been provided with instruments the like of which do not exist elsewhere in this country, and which are hardly surpassed in the government observatories of foreign countries. Nothing has been wanting for the usefulness of the Observatory.

Yet, it is due to truth that the fact should be broadly stated, the Dudley Observatory has, thus far, added little to the acquisitions of science. No discoveries have been made there; no calculations have been perfected within its walls which have advanced astronomical knowledge, or shed lustre on the greatest observatory in the United States. At least, if any such discoveries or calculations have been made, the public has known nothing of them. We have heard of discoveries at Cincinnati and at Cambridge; we have applauded the labors of Mitchell and Peirce; but of Mr. Gould and the Dudley Observatory we have heard nothing, save when they came to beg for more money for endowments.

Under these circumstances, the public, and especially that large part of it which has contributed to the support of the Observatory, have viewed with peculiar interest the controversy which has arisen between the trustees of the Observatory and the Astronomer-in-chief. It would seem that the former—who are appointed by the charter the managers, directors, and quasi-proprietors of the institution—have for some time been dissatisfied with Mr. Gould and his performance; that they have ground of complaint against him not only on account of his discharge of his official duties, but also by reason of his indocility as their hired officer; and that, failing, after repeated endeavors, to bring him to reason, they finally resolved to displace him. Mr. Gould, on his side, declined to be ousted from the very comfortable berth which he occupied. He met his employers with menace and defiance. His friends openly charged them with ignorance and fatuity, and gave them to understand that they were mere money-getters, incapable of comprehending the uses and aims of an Observatory. He secured, for his controversy, the countenance of three gentlemen whom the country delights to honor—Professors Bache, Peirce, and Henry. These gentlemen had taken an active part in the establishment of the Observatory. They are men of undoubted scientific eminence. To honor and compliment them, the trustees had, on the establishment of the Observatory, created them a sort of Council, with mere honorary functions. It was their duty to see that Mr. Gould calculated eclipses, and made the proper astronomical computations. They were expected to inform that gentleman, in case of need, that two and two made four and not five, and that Saturn was larger than Mercury. Beyond this it does not appear that they had any duties or privileges. They were mere private advisers of Mr. Gould, and evidently held office at the pleasure of their superiors and chiefs—the trustees.

When issue was fairly joined between the astronomer and the trustees, these councilors, with the reckless ardor of enthusiasts, rushed into the arena. They had no more legal right to interfere than the Common Council of New York. They occupied, in fact, a position of less responsibility and authority than Mr. Gould himself. Yet such was their scientific enthusiasm, such their affection for their colleague, and such their natural ignorance of the ways of this wicked world, that they assumed to dispute authority with the trustees of the Observatory, and to question their right to discharge the duties which the charter devolved upon them.

To such a contest—presuming common sense to exist among the trustees—there could be but one issue. The Council, in endeavoring to screen its protégé, simply shared his fate. The trustees very properly made a clean sweep of all the scientific men. In a few days the Observatory will be reorganized on a new basis. It will be of great advantage to the new astronomer to enjoy the benefit of the advice of such men as Bache and Peirce. But it is to be hoped that the boon will be sought in such a manner that there shall be no mistake as to its conditions, and that, whoever aids the new master of the Observatory, there may be no further attempts to make it a mere nursery for scientific priggism.

THE DE RIVIÈRE CASE.

One De Rivière, a Frenchman, stating himself, seemingly with truth, to be an ex-officer of the French army, came to this country many months since with a view of engaging in the then pending Central American wars, either on the side of Walker or that of his opponents. He offered his sword to Trojan and Tyrian alike. Both were blind enough to decline it. Under the circumstances, Monsieur De Rivière led an obscure life here for some time, subsisting chiefly, it would seem, by exhibiting a sword which he declared he had waved at the head of a forlorn hope at the famous attack on the Malakoff at Sebastopol. He lectured—not without success; and at last, when fortune seemed to have turned her back upon him altogether, he applied for and obtained a conditional engagement to serve under General Henningsen in Walker's new expedition. At that time this De Rivière was living, after the fashion of his country, with a lady who was not his wife. Feeling some affection for her, and apprehending that he might fall in the new conflicts in which he was about to engage, he desired, before he left, to do what he could to preserve her from future want. Deliberately, therefore, and not dishonorably, he took her before a minister of his faith and married her.

He then left for the rendezvous of Henningsen's *corps d'armée* in the South. As the world knows, that *corps d'armée* never had a chance of smelling powder. Monsieur De Rivière led as idle a life at Mobile as he had led in New York. The only distraction he found was fighting a duel with a sagacious Southerner who proclaimed him a *chevalier d'industrie*. In the conflict he was wounded; was carried from the field to the house of a generous gentleman, who lodged him, and whose family nursed him till his convalescence. That hospitality he requited by inducing his host's daughter to elope with him. He did not marry her. He never tried to do so. He knew better than that. But he took the innocent child from her father's house, led her to Havana, and thence to New York and New Jersey, and at the present moment keeps her hid away somewhere in the interior of that State.

The chief aggravation of the case is, that the law provides no adequate punishment for his conduct. He has been arrested and held to bail for stealing the young lady's clothing; and proceedings have been instituted against him for enticing away a child for purposes of prostitution. But it is very doubtful—even if he should be caught, which is not by any means certain—whether either of these charges could be sustained in a court of law; and at any rate, the punishment, in case of conviction on either, would be slight. Public sentiment and any honest jury would have justified the outraged father in vindicating his own wrongs in the most thorough manner with his own hand. As it is, wrong—and wrong of the foulest kind—bids fair to prevail.

THE NEWS FROM INDIA.

By the *Fulton* we have later news from India, and news which is regarded as favorable to the British. Before acquiescing in this view, it will be well to inquire what news from India could be favorable to the European cause?

Battles won and forts stormed could not be classed under this head. For if the experience of the past twelve months proves any thing, it is that this great uprising in India can not be put down by the sword. More battles have been fought in India since May, 1857, than were fought in all the Crimean war. Delhi has been stormed; Cawnpore has been taken at the point of the bayonet; Lucknow has been thrice mastered, and at last occupied; and, after all this, where are the British? Precisely where they were before. Nothing is in their hands but the chief roads and a few strong places. The country—jungle, mountain, and thicket—is still held by the mutineers. Their tactics are those of guerrillas. Now and then they fight, and in such cases they are usually beaten; then they disperse, and are nowhere to be found, till, a few days or weeks afterward, they suddenly loom up on the flank of some unsuspecting *corps d'armée*, and go through the same manœuvre again. Arithmetic and common sense tell us that, in such a game, the winner will be he who is superior in numbers. To suppose that the fifty or sixty thousand Englishmen can carry on, successfully, such a war as this against 100,000,000 natives of India, in India, is manifestly preposterous.

As it would undoubtedly be a general misfortune for India to relapse, at present, under the undisputed control of the native rajahs, friends of humanity will wish well to the English Government in their endeavor to reconstitute the Indian Government. At the same time, it must be added that none of the constitutional projects which have been made public thus far recognize in any degree the right of the Hindoo to self-government. Without this feature, it is very doubtful whether they would be entitled to even a partial measure of success.

THE SHOCKINGLY DULL TIMES.

In the sketch of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, published in this journal last week, the following passage occurs:

> "The New York *Daily Times* lately said of him [meaning Mr. Bennett] that, when he was dead, people would honor his memory as a great editor and a great statesman. The remark does credit to the sagacity of the *Times*."

This, on Thursday, the senior editor of the *Courier and Enquirer* "imagined would surprise the *Times* as much as it did him." It does, in effect, seem to have surprised the gentlemen who, in the absence of Mr. Raymond, are conducting that journal. They said, on Saturday, 10th inst., that *Harper's Weekly*

> "makes a pretended quotation from the *Times* eulogistic of the *Herald's* editor. We trust that the *Weekly* will see the propriety of making a full explanation of the forged opinion which it pretends to quote from the *Times*."

In reply, we beg to refer the *Courier and Enquirer* and the *Times* to the following extract from the New York *Daily Times* of 3d January, 1857:

> "Say what people may about Bennett, a hundred years hence his name will be recorded among the great men of the present time. Few persons, villified, calumniated, and hissed at as he has been, would have .... risen to the high point of influence he has obtained .... Mr. Bennett, in private life, is a gentleman, and in politics, a statesman."

The fact that Congress was in session at the time this was published will probably account for its escaping the notice of the senior editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*.

We advise the gentlemen who are conducting the *Times* in Mr. Raymond's absence, to read their own paper. Profitless and even cruel as the task may seem, they should nerve themselves to its performance.

THE LOUNGER.

THE FOURTH.

OUR great national day was the pleasantest that most of us remember. The air was so cool and bright—the opportunities of enjoyment so various—the general spirit so peaceable—that, amidst the universal popping, which was never more incessant, old John Adams might have been satisfied and have felt that the day was duly honored. New York was comparatively placid; but Boston came out very strong in speech-making. While Mr. Choate and Mr. Holmes made each one long oration, and Mr. Everett two short ones, Mr. Caleb Cushing, introduced as "the favorite son of Massachusetts," spoke to us in New York. Over the river, in Brooklyn, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was the orator. Somewhere at the West, on his homeward way, Mr. Douglas made an "unpartisan" speech. In Philadelphia his friend, Mr. Bigler, spoke; and upon a steamer at sea, coming to Boston, the Hon. Jefferson Davis. But besides these distinguished men, all kinds of orators, in every town and village in the land—in pulpits and groves, on platforms and tables—"improved" the day and its lessons, gayly or gloomily, as their minds inclined.

The great significance of the day in our vicinity was, that it was a festival of free-speech; and so may it always be, and with ever-increasing eloquence and influence! Whatever a man thought of our country and its condition, its prospects, its glory, or its danger, he could freely utter. The most diverse sentiments were spoken in the most vehement way; there was not a single oration which, upon being read, will not be repugnant to the convictions of at least half its readers; but think what a fortunate state and society that is in which the public listens decorously to every man who can say what he honestly thinks—or even what he thinks fit to say he thinks—with tolerable felicity.

This great fact, of itself, shows what has thus far been done in this country; and is, so far, a splendid justification of the day. Mr. Choate's most prolonged period—Mr. Everett's most elegant sentence—Mr. Cushing's most democratic expression, could not overstate the magnificent possibility of the nation whose birthday has just passed. With the spirit and the sentiment of Washington—with his calm, indomitable faith in liberty, and his unswerving resolution to make his country free, or die in the effort—denounced as a rebel and traitor—sneered at as an enthusiast and an incompetent militia colonel—with his spirit, and endurance, and wisdom as our guides, we are not likely to go wrong. It was pleasant to see how all the eloquence of the day culminated in homage to that great and good example, as the glittering constellations circle around the pole. And when the evening guns were fired, and the eighty-second anniversary ended amidst the long and merry peals of musical bells, who did not feel that if indeed the statesmen and orators, the lawyers and leaders of the land, will indue themselves with the simplicity, sobriety, honesty, patriotism, and wise humanity of Washington, his country will become what even he scarcely dreamed it might be—"brightest and best of the sons of the morning?"

A MAN'S NAME.

[In reply to "A Friend," who inclosed an extract from a Boston paper of June 18.]

IF a man owns any thing, it is his name. He is its natural guardian in every way, and he is responsible for all that the individual bearing that particular name may do or say. Whoever uses it for any purpose without his consent is a forger. It is no excuse to say that you may put his name to a check in favor of somebody to-day because he gave some money to that somebody's sister or brother yesterday. It is a pure, absolute, criminal forgery. He uses his name as he chooses.

Recent discussions and disclosures have shown how widely the bad habit has spread of assuming men's assent to a certain use of their names. If a petition is printed, or a meeting is called, or any kind of a project is supported by the signing of names, it may be pretty certainly understood that some of them were used without authority. Now what can a man do, who sees his name bandied about by thoughtless people for purposes which he may not approve? Of course he can not refrain from giving his name where he thinks he ought to, because somebody else may use it in some similar or dissimilar cause. A man, for instance, is not to cease to be and to call himself an ardent democrat, because somebody may therefore say that he is against all law and order in society.

Washington agreed with Tom Paine in his republican views—was Washington to deny his democracy, or repent of it, because somebody might declare that he might as well go on with Paine, and become a drunkard?

A man's only protection in such cases must be his character and antecedents, and his friends must rely upon those. There are a great many stories told to the injury of famous men and women of other days, which can now be disproved only by the force and quality there may be in their characters. Every generous soul acquits Sir Philip Sidney of any wrong toward Lady Penelope Devereux, upon the ground of pure character. And 'tis a pity if character is not always sufficient. The late atrocious rumor that Dickens was parted from his wife on grounds notorious in London, was blasted at once by his general character in every honest mind; and when he wrote his card, and stated that the reasons were entirely private and peculiar to his wife and himself, and that whoever dared to breathe any thing else foully lied, he ended the matter at once, and nobody dares to disbelieve him. His character protects him. Will any body be such a fool as to assert that a man who would separate from his wife would therefore probably be guilty of licentious crimes?

So with lesser men.

But the newspapers which propagate these false rumors, and then moralize upon them, are not very beautiful or edifying spectacles. They do an injury they can never undo; and before they brand a man they do not even look to see if he be a criminal. Nobody knows so well as an editor how often men's names are used without their authority, and how impossible it is for any correction to overtake or extinguish the effect of misstatements, and no man is therefore so closely bound by every honorable consideration to take care that he is telling the truth and not "improving" a falsehood to the spiritual behoof of his readers.

But it is useless for a man to write letters and try to catch the airy slanders that dart and sting about the land. If he be consistent and persistent it will all come right. If his character can not conquer his words will not.

SONG OF THE ROSE.

SOME lotus-eater, listening to the nightingale wooing the rose, sings to his own rose in that remembered music:

I.

I watch with thee the silent summer night,
With thee I follow every noiseless star,
And waning moon late risen to our sole sight,
Till, from their patient quest,
All, all are sunk to rest
Deep in the slumb'rous west,
And, lady, thou and I still sleepless are!

II.

Oh, weary heart! deem not thy watch unbless'd,
Though round thee sleepers tell the long night hours,
And many-voiced Day is hushed to rest,
And stillness, even, sleeps,
Weary the watch it keeps,
Tranced in mid-summer deeps,
And wandering zephyrs faint on beds of flowers.

III.

E'en while with night you cool your throbbing brow,
And to that distant heaven so fondly gaze,
God's blessing hand is on His child e'en now;
And all that pathway white
In yonder azure height,
Is but the deepening flight
Of angels bringing peace for all thy days!

IV.

The perfume which I bear is but the kiss
They breathed upon me in their bending flight—
A token sweet they left for you it is.
And see! this crystal dew—
The tears they wept for you—
Which, falling as they flew,
I garnered in my bosom all the night!

V.

The morning comes, and Nature is at prayer!
And with the early light and hush of dawn,
Soothed with the song of birds and freshening air,
With suffering long oppress'd,
At last thou findest rest,
By gentle Sleep caress'd—
Sleep standing by, each ruder breath to warn!

VI.

Oh! sleep, dear lady, sleep! Sleep, sleep, nor dream!
Oh! peacefully, as sinks the summer day;
Oh! tranquilly, as glides the noiseless stream.
Sleep, sleep, oh, sleep and rest!
Sleep, sleep, oh, weary breast!
Sleep, sleep, oh, dearest, best!
Too happy I to guard thy rest alway!

TOAD-EATING.

THE season for this delightful food is peculiarly auspicious. Some of the largest, finest, ripest, pulpiest, richest, and most savory toads upon record have been served up during the last few weeks, and consumed with immense relish by a large, but choice, circle of gourmands. The excitement among this respectable class of our fellow-citizens has been very great. The first and freshest salmon with the sweetest of peas, or the earliest shad broiled to a turn, are less delicious and are eaten with less avidity, than the delicious toads which have made this season memorable. It is a happy provision of nature that the taste for toads can always be gratified, and the intelligent observer can not go far in any direction without encountering some of the many lovers of the dainty busily engaged in its consumption. But the specimens we generally meet in this country are far from what the consumer desires. In fact, it is only rarely that those consumers have a chance at the purest toad-eating. The best opportunities are offered in England, and only under peculiar circumstances in the United States. When they are offered, however, there is an entire devotion to the enjoyment of the repast which is beyond all description. In truth, it is a question whether the rarity of the best opportunities among us does not make them—when they do occur, and are improved—the most extraordinary specimens of toad-eating in the whole world? That eminent naturalist in this department, Mr. Thackeray, who may be called the very Brillat Savarin of toad-eating, might learn new truths of the human capacity in this direction among his transatlantic brethren. Two or three of his young countrymen, now traveling in this country—quiet and educated gentlemen, entirely undistinguished, and whose movements are in no sense public property—will have no difficulty in giving the celebrated naturalist and social philosopher the most elaborate and profuse details, gathered from their personal observation and experience, of American toad-eating.

"JEEMS PIPES OF PIPESVILLE."

MR. STEPHEN C. MASSETT is a gentleman who thinks some things may be done as well as others, and that, because Mr. Matthews and Mr. Albert Smith have been successful in monologues, they have not monopolized success. He is a singer, a mimic, a dramatic reciter, and a humorist. He has been quite round the world, apparently amusing it to its extreme satisfaction, and he has now come to complete his travels, and if possible, his triumphs, in America. Let us give him a fair chance, and he has certainly seen enough of the world to know that if he can really entertain the public, he is sure to succeed, if he only lets the public know that he is waiting to amuse it. Every body is willing to laugh and be pleased. Let the artist only put it so that the public can not help themselves.

MOUNT VERNON.

THE women of America propose to buy the land upon which stands the tomb of Washington. In no mean or narrow spirit, but with that large and sweet sympathy which belongs to women—hoping that in doing one thing they may do many, that the wreaths of reverence they lay upon a tomb may be also fragrant in the nostrils of a nation, begetting thoughtfulness, consideration, charity—that while they honor the grave of the body, they may quicken universal love and reverence for the spirit that inhabited the body, and so fulfill a great, benignant, beautiful ministry of peace—they are organizing all over the country, and by invoking the interest of good men and women in an object which can not but seem lovely to all people, and of good report in all ages—by contributions according to generosity and ability and feeling—they hope to collect the required sum before many months.

Meanwhile, Mr. Washington, the present owner, has consented to hold the estate at their disposition for a specified time for a certain sum—about two hundred thousand dollars. In itself nobody supposes the place is worth the money; but value is very arbitrary. In commercial ethics, it is an axiom that a thing is worth what it will bring. In the present instance, it must be worth what the owner asks for it. But that the grave of our greatest citizen should not be dishonored, or become a mere speculation and show—that it should be a national shrine, a perpetual and perpetually honored preacher of the great principles illustrated by the career of its great inmate, is beyond question. Honor to the memory of the good is a recognition of goodness. May all the Washington funeral garlands, in the hands of the women of America, turn to magic wands evoking the spirit of him they honor, to dispel the discord they deplore! May they bloom into gracious palms, such as the angels waved on the eve of the birth of the religion of peace on earth, good will to man!

And may all the people cry, "Amen!"

A COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

THE Lounger thanks his friend, "A Baltimore Clerk," who sends the following example of womanly ingenuity, saying that "a young lady newly married, being obliged to show to her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend. The key is, to read the first and then every alternate line only."

"I can not be satisfied, my dearest friend!
blest as I am in the matrimonial state,
unless I pour into your friendly bosom,
which has ever been in unison with mine,
the various sensations which swell
with the liveliest emotion of pleasure,
my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear
husband is the most amiable of men.
I have now been married seven weeks, and
have never found the least reason to
repent the day that joined us. My husband is
both in person and manners far from resembling
ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous
monsters, who think by confining to secure
a wife, it is his maxim to treat as a
bosom friend and confidant, and not as a
plaything, or menial slave, the woman
chosen to be his companion. Neither party
he says, should always obey implicitly;
but each yield to the other by turns.
An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy,
a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady,
lives in the house with us; she is the de-
light of both young and old; she is ci-
vil to all the neighborhood round,
generous and charitable to the poor.
I am convinced my husband loves nothing more
than he does me; he flatters me more
than a glass; and his intoxication
(for so I must call the excess of his love)
often makes me blush for the unworthiness
of its object, and wish I could be more deserving
of the man whose name I bear. To
say all in one word, my dear, and to
crown the whole—my former gallant lover
is now my indulgent husband; my husband
is returned, and I might have had
a prince without the felicity I find in
him. Adieu! may you be blest as I am un-
able to wish that I could be more
happy."

SEA-SIDE RESORTS.

As was suggested in the *Weekly* last week, Lord Rosse ought to have waited to see how the summer was going to turn out before he declined the honors of a prophet. There was certainly something in the story. Somebody must have slipped into the observatory while Lord Rosse was gone to dinner, and have looked through that extraordinary telescope, and have seen the hot weather coming. Far off its coming shone, and now it is verifying the prophetic powers of his Lordship's lenses.

It is a curious, but episodical, inquiry, suggested by the Lounger gratis to his toad-eating friends, whether his Lordship wears his Lordship's coronet and family jewels, and his Lordship's robes of state, when his Lordship looks through his Lordship's telescope; also whether it would not impart a more exquisite zest to a collegiate banquet of toads, if the authorities should eat a very fat toad by making his Lordship an honorary LL.D., or Dominus of Laws—a kind of Law Lord, or Lord of learned laws. It is only about a quarter of a century since that discriminating and dignified institution, Harvard University, conferred the same degree (and appropriate as it was, certainly with no more reason) upon that erudite scholar, Dr. Andrew Jackson.

However, the Lounger meant to look at something else than toads or toad-eaters through the great telescope. He has been sweeping it, in imagination, along our sparkling sea-coast, from Cape May to Cape Elizabeth and its pleasant Cape Cottage. "All along shore" it is lovely and alluring. From Cape May, with its open sea and good bathing, and Long Branch, and Rockaway, and the farther Long Island shore, and bold Montauk, and emerald Newport, and Nantucket, and Holmes's Hole, and Nantasket, Rye, the long-curving shore of Massachusetts, by Portsmouth, the Isle of Shoals, and Mount Desert, on to the groves and "sad sea waves" of Acadie, the summer traveler could hardly go amiss.

But if he has never stopped at Nahant, let him try it for a week. It is a bold promontory standing out from the Lynn shore upon Massachusetts Bay. It is half an hour's sail from Boston across the harbor among the islands, and as far by railroad from Lynn. Pretty brown cottages are the summer homes of Boston families; and the hotel, close to the sea, with great piazzas for moonlights, and great halls for music and dancing, and a little nation of pleasant guests gathered from all parts of the world—the hotel neat, clean, comfortable, cool, and spacious, under the careful management of the most accomplished hosts, is as pleasant a nest as the summer bird will find; and when he flies away he will sing about it to all wanderers wondering where to light.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"MR. LOUNGER,—In a late number you informed a correspondent that 'felix' and 'infelix' were not spelled with two l's. Very true. Perhaps, however, your correspondent was moved by the benevolent intention of giving shelter to the wandering *l* which you have stricken out of 'traveller.'

"Your correspondent had as good a right to take a liberty with a dead language as you with a living one.

"Yours spiritually,
"JOHNSON'S GHOST.

"*July*, 1858."

—The revered Ghost of Johnson is assured that the Lounger has quite as profound a respect for the *l's* as the great lexicographer himself. It may be some consolation to him to know that the Lounger gives every traveller two *l's*. If the travellers lose them, or one of them, before they overtake "Johnson's Ghost," they can not say the Lounger is the thief.

—From Louisiana and Ohio the Lounger receives kindly, sympathetic notices of the late most unhappy Herbert. Louisiana, echoing the words "Pray for him," as an expression of pitying sympathy, says:

* * * * * * *

Pray for him—it can do no harm:
Pray for him—though it useless be,
A prayer will be no loss to thee.

An old correspondent, IBRAHIM BELLFLOWER, says:

"What a different death was his from that of Kane! And yet who knows what Herbert might have done, loving nature as he did, had he tried to do what Kane did?

"He died, uncalled-for, by his own Heaven-daring hand, and the nation murmured 'Poor fellow!' and pitied him, and some prayed for him. Kane waited for death patiently; and when it came, met it with calm, resolute face, as he met the north wind, and with a trust in God; and when,

"'Like to some shattered berg, that, pale and lone,
Drifts from the white north to a tropic zone,
And in the burning day
Wastes, peak by peak, away,
Till, on some rosy even,
It dies with sunlight blessing it, so he
Tranquilly floated to a southern sea,
And melted into heaven,'

the nation wept in grief, and said 'Alas! so soon!' shall we write *Nobilissimus* on his head-stone, or only KANE?"

—The Lounger was speaking of College Commencements the other day, and of the importance of vigorous physical training, and of the old Greek games, at which men wrestled and ran as well as sang and recited histories. At a recent College Anniversary in Ohio the gymnastic exercises were among the most interesting of all. The great Regatta of the Harvard and Yale boat-clubs soon takes place upon the Connecticut River at Springfield; and here is a note from Kentucky:

"KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE,
NEAR FRANKFORT.

"FRIEND LOUNGER,—In the *Weekly* of the 26th June you allude to Commencements, and refer to the necessity of cultivating the physique as well as the mental development, alluding to the manly contest between Yale and Harvard in a rowing-match. Now I send these few lines to let you know that in the South, as well as the North, physical education is not *altogether* neglected; and at the above institute, which perhaps you never heard of before, the enlightened and liberal superintendent, Colonel Morgan, has introduced, independent of regular drill, a course of gymnastics, sword exercise, manual defense, etc., to carry out which he has engaged Captain Hammersley, who has constructed a splendid gymnasium, and personally conducts the various exercises; and at our Commencement, on the 15th June, the assembled public had an opportunity of judging of the advantages derived from combining those systems of education which should induce the perfection, in all, of '*Mens sana in corpore sano.*' With your remarks on the advantages of physical education I and my comrades perfectly agree.

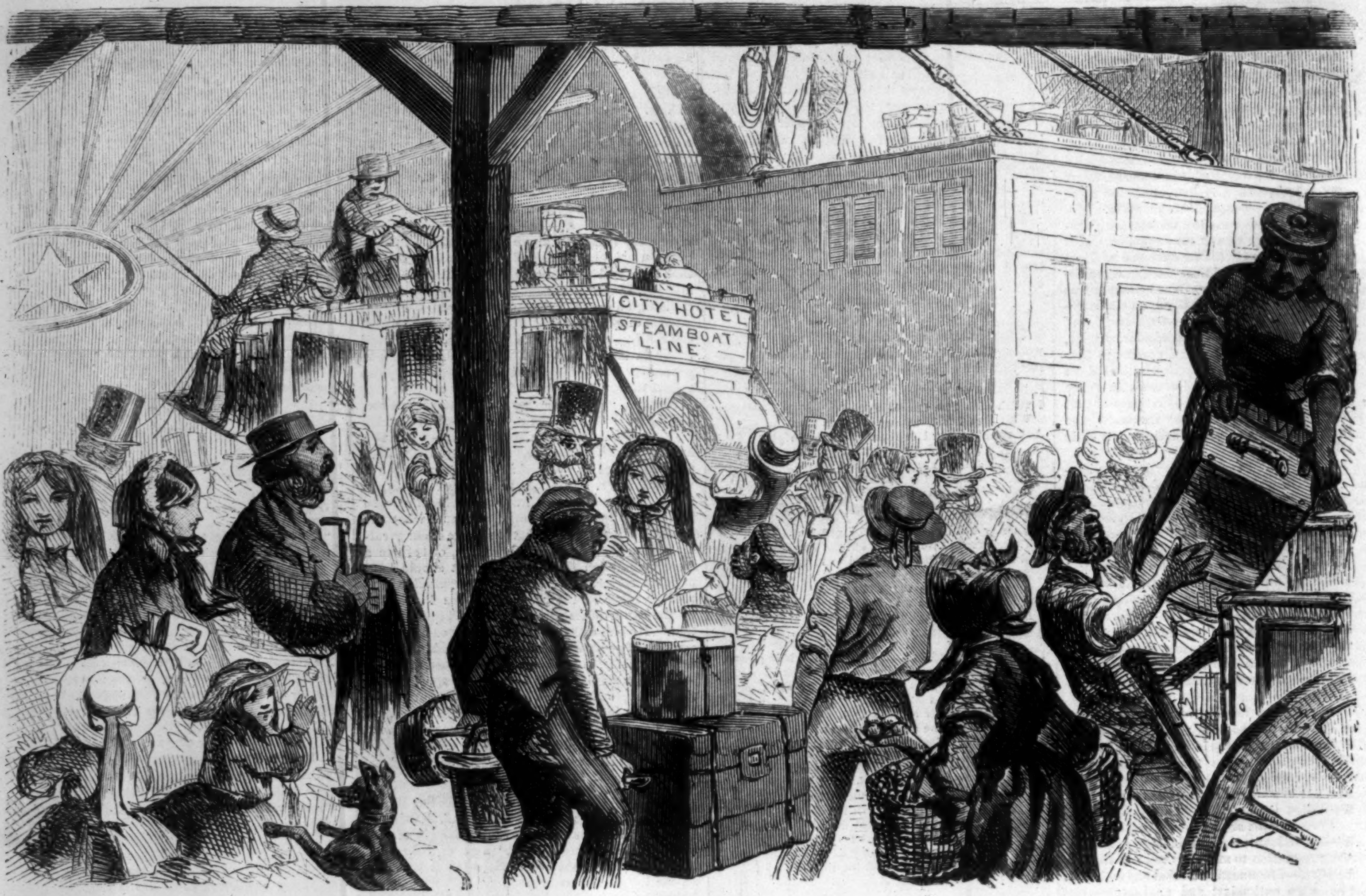
Your obedient servant,
"A CADET."

—The Lounger is jealous of the "beautiful bird" to which his friend L. B. F., of Malone, sings a pretty song, and keeps the music to himself. He hopes the "beautiful bird" will not peck out his eyes because he does not allow any one else to hear how sweetly she is sung to.

—J. B., of *Darby, Pennsylvania*, sings a Tennysonian strain of "Love and Friendship." Will J. B. say honestly that he never read "In Memoriam?"

"Sleep, Love! and do not wake again;
Thy image dies, and thou with Death
Spendest the remnant of thy breath,
And wilt not live for other men.

"But Friendship, when no longer lives
The being of her fondest care,
Turns to the ones still left, and there
Steals from her loss the grief it gives."



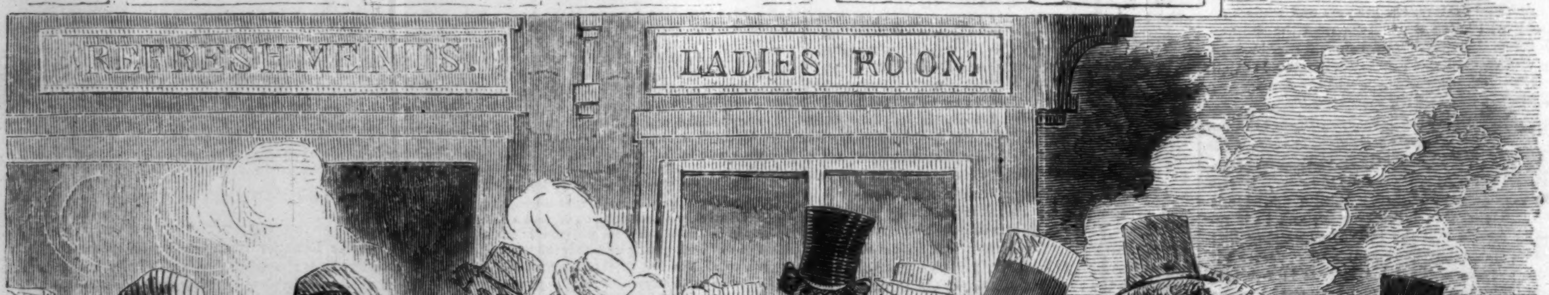
GOING ON BOARD.

THE BOAT AND THE TRAIN.

The accompanying illustrations depict a phase of life which is interesting to the bulk of our readers at the present season. Everybody, but a few editors and other slaves, spends a large segment of the dog-days in cool retreats.

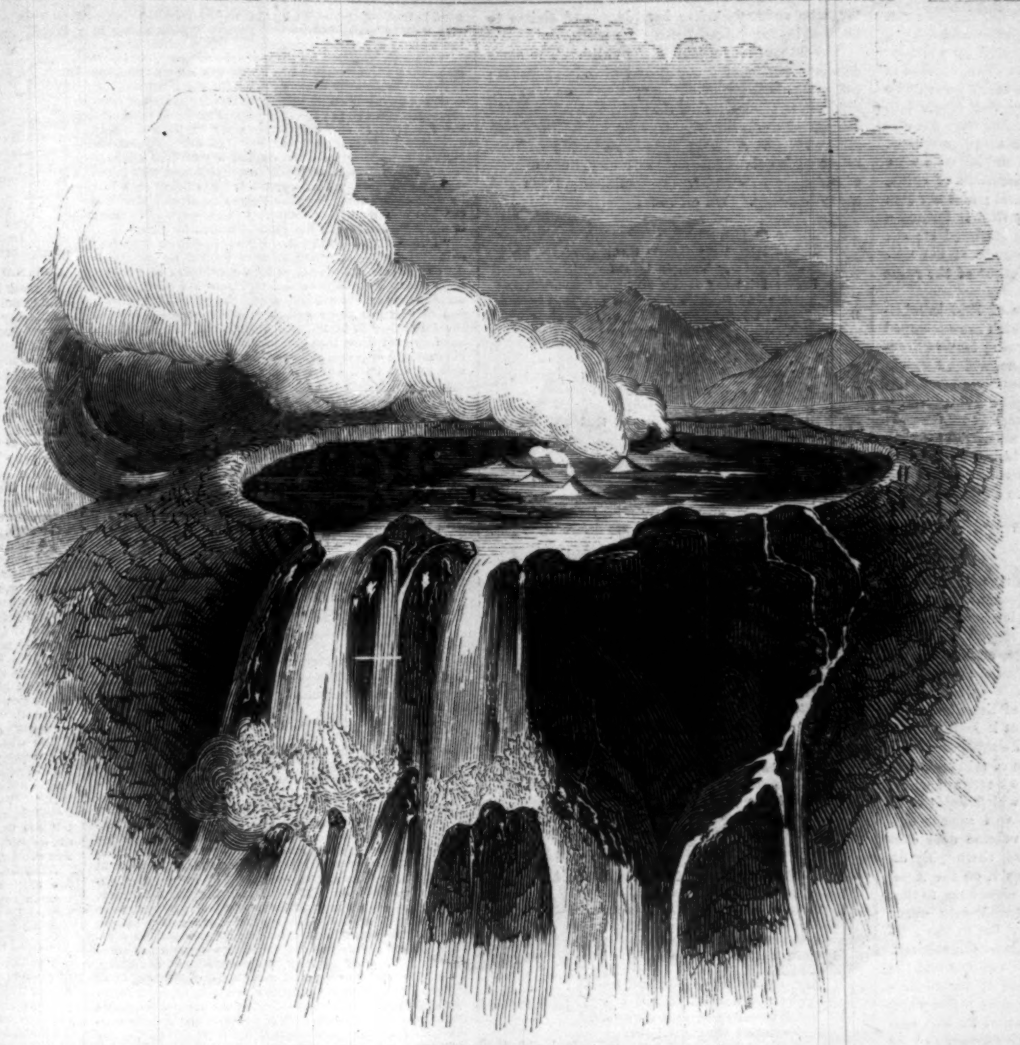
The first picture, "Going on Board," will remind many a reader of the brief period of misery which is the unavoidable introduction to a trip to the country by steamboat. The throng, the noise, the reckless manner in which luggage is handled, the excitement about lost trunks, good berths, and misplaced keys, the terror lest Jimmy or Polly should fall overboard from the gangway, the nervousness caused by the ubiquitous sign—"**Beware of Pickpockets!**"—all these form an *ensemble* which travelers do not readily forget, and which our artist has happily seized.

The second illustration, "Waiting for the Train,"



WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

represents one of the country stations which serve as outlets to the rural retreats where it is so delightful to waste a few days in July or August. The "company" is evidently city bred, though we notice that one of the trunks hails from that snug little place, Providence, Rhode Island. The young lady who forms the centre of the group, is taking a tender leave of her little sister in the sun-bonnet—an operation which appears to be full of interest to the party with the mustache, in the background. The customary dispute about baggage is being waged between the old gentleman with cane and umbrella and that exasperating personage—the baggage-master. At the other side, a comfortable traveler is beguiling ennui with the aid of a cigar; while the most philosophical, if not the best looking of the party, is enjoying a real pleasure in the inspection of the cuts in the last *Harper's Weekly*.



A CRATER IN ERUPTION.

THE LATE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

IN a late number of this journal we published a series of cuts illustrating the terrible earthquakes which desolated the country lying south and southeast of Naples in the early part of the present year. In a subsequent number we gave an account, from the pen of an English manufacturer who had benevolently undertaken to relieve the distresses of the sufferers, of the damages done by those frightful convulsions. We now subjoin, as a fitting appendix, two illustrations of the eruption of Vesuvius which took place at the end of May and the beginning of June.

The connection between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions has always been conceded by men of science, but has never been explained. Daubeny, Humboldt, and other philosophers have ventilated various ingenious theories to account for the connection; but after all they know no more than the peasant of the *campagna*, who says, in his artless way, when the earth quakes, that she (the earth) has the colic, and will not be relieved until she has a copious evacuation through some volcano. In accordance with this homely theory, the Neapolitans have been preparing for an eruption of Vesuvius ever since the earthquakes. Other portents confirmed their anticipations of disaster. The almond-trees flowered and cherries half-ripened in December last; in May it stormed and rained, and snow fell heavily in the mountains.

It was on the 24th May that Vesuvius first showed symptoms of a new excitement. The reader may be aware that the same crater seldom serves the purpose of more than one eruption; a single effort appears to exhaust it. Travelers walk securely over the crater from whence issued the terrible eruption which overwhelmed Herculanëum and Pompeii. Accordingly, when the mountain revived to activity in May last, the old crater on which travelers have gazed with wonder for a century or so was sullenly silent and dark. It was from a number of new and smaller craters, scattered over the space between Monte Somma and the old cone, that the lava and scoriæ burst forth. Some of these juvenile mouths seemed especially charged with the duty of hurling molten stones into the air in regular volleys. Others resembled caldrons full to the brim of liquid fire, hissing, roaring, bubbling up, pouring over the edge, and rolling great red torrents down the mountain side. The heat generated from these fire-mouths would have sufficed to keep a great city warm for a whole year. At first, the lava stream rolled slowly and unitedly toward the cross of the Observatory, crossing in its course the old road which, no doubt, many readers have traveled, between the Hermitage and the cone. Near the Observatory the stream divided into two rivers, each of which pursued a steady march downward. A third river, fed by a separate crater at the foot of the cone, and above Resina, followed a different path, and promised at one time to lay a new coat of lava upon Herculaneum. When the eruption was at its height one of these lava streams was half a mile wide.

Of course the destruction of property has been considerable, though nothing like that caused by some former eruptions. Several pleasure-houses and residences near the mountain have been overwhelmed. Instances of remarkable philosophy on the part of sufferers have been noted. A priest, whose house, in his absence, had been devoured by the lava, ran boldly to the end of the stream, and threw into it his latch-key, exclaiming:

"Thou hast taken my house; take the key also!"

The Neapolitans seem to have rather enjoyed the spectacle. A correspondent says:

"On each night several thousands of persons of all ranks, from the peer to the peasant, urged by curiosity, repair to the scene of this extraordinary spectacle. The darkness being complete, and the route in many parts difficult, each party is furnished with a torch, and the view of these hundreds of torches flitting about between the streams of lava is most curious, presenting the appearance of multitudes of fire-flies.

"The Hermitage, which is close to the great basin of craters and rivers of lava, is approached by a tolerably good carriage-road, and, as may be supposed, hundreds of vehicles of every description, from the calèche of the millionaire to the humble coricolo, are collected there toward midnight. Donkey parties abound, of which ladies do not fear to form a part."

In some of the country parts the news of the eruption was received with excessive joy, as an indication that the earthquakes, which for five months have endangered life and property, would now terminate. Throughout the *campagna* of Naples people are still living in sheds and tents, prudently waiting till the earthquakes are over before commencing to rebuild their houses. Never was so miserable a condition of affairs. Notwithstanding all that has been written, the fearful effects of the late convulsions of the earth in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies are very imperfectly realized abroad.

Saponara, a fine town of 4000 souls, was shattered at a stroke, and only one building—a castle—left standing. Half the inhabitants perished. In an old fort, whose walls were several feet thick, a sum of $300,000 had been concealed in specie; the keeper of the fund and three-fourths of the money disappeared together in the ruins. At this place the earthquake was a series of unaccountable shocks from side to side; it seemed as though some monster had taken the place in his

THE LATE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

teeth, and was shaking it as a terrier shakes a rat. A priest was thrown out of his window, and caught, in air, a peasant who had been ejected by a similar process. Both fell to the ground alive, clasped in each other's arms. In one house every person who was sleeping on the upper story was crushed to death; the tenants of the story below were not disturbed. The City Judge had a singular escape. His house was destroyed, and he and his wife were dashed—somewhere—under a mountain of ruins. Happily for him, he fell undermost; and her arm happened so to strike the earth that it formed a shield for her husband. Death stiffened it; the Judge was dug out alive, the corpse of his wife still continuing to sustain the weight of the ruins above him.

Montemurro, once a fine town of 7000 inhabitants, is a pile of rubbish, near which are encamped two thousand survivors, in mourning for five thousand deceased relatives. Viggiano, which furnishes a large proportion of the organ-players and itinerant musicians who are found all over the world, is in no better condition. A thousand persons were killed here in endeavoring to escape. Three men at this place were lying in one bed. At the first shock a beam fell and at one stroke severed six legs. They were found alive three days afterward.

LITERARY.

A CYCLOPEDIA OF COMMERCE, edited by J. Smith Homans and J. Smith Homans, Jun., and published by Harper & Brothers, is a book to which we would draw the attention of every man who desires to possess books of reference, and especially every one who wishes a compendium of information on all commercial subjects.

When the broad signification of the word commerce is considered—the fact that it includes every thing which is bought or sold—applies as well to a horse trade as an importation of teas and silks—to a pound of geese feathers as to a cargo of whale oil—the amount of information which *ought to be* contained in such a cyclopedia will appear evidently immense. All this the volume does contain, admirably arranged, and most thoroughly digested. From the article on page 1, on the *Aam*, a liquid measure in Holland and elsewhere, to that on page 2000 (and last), on the Zoll-Verein, every page teems with information of value to the merchant, the mechanic, the farmer, and the student. We know of no class of men who will not find the work most valuable. If any one of our readers will enter a book-store and turn over a few pages of the volume, we are persuaded that he will consider it a necessary work for his own use, and for the instruction of his children—containing between two covers what can otherwise be found only by opening two or ten thousand.

By way of illustrating this eulogy, we open the book at random. We strike upon page 210, and find the word *Shoal* defined; next, *Shoes*, under which are interesting accounts of the boot and shoe trade. The annual value of the boots and shoes made in Massachusetts is $37,400,000. In Essex County alone, in 1855, they were produced to the value of $12,000,000. The article is full of statistical information. *Shola* is a substance of Indian manufacture resembling Chinese pith paper, and is used to make hats and other articles. *Shore* is the next word. *Shumac* the next; with directions for its use, and for selecting the best quality. *Siam* is, of course, an interesting article. Its products, business, and trade are described, its political history, treaty relations to other countries, and all that is necessary to a thorough knowledge of the country. *Sicily*, *Sierra Leone*, *Silk*, *Silver* follow, and so on. This will show the class of articles which the cyclopedia contains in ordinary succession. Elsewhere we find the amount of an ordinary book devoted to *Light*, *Light-houses*, *Coast-lights*, etc. This is an article of exceeding value and interest, especially the accounts of various great light-houses; and is followed by equally interesting papers on *Linen*, *Lisbon*, *Liverpool*, etc. To farmers, the articles on *Corn* and *Grains*, *Cotton*, *Tobacco*, *Rice*, *Forest Trees*, *Flax*, *Wool*, and agricultural markets of the world, are worth all the price of the book. To merchants, there is scarcely an article in these two thousand pages which will not prove important. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other coast cities, the work will, of course, be found in every counting-room. It will be furnished to every ship, and will be as necessary to the captain as his compass. He will enter no port in the world which is not described, with all its resources of manufacture, trade, and prices, and especially its laws of commerce. The commercial law of every nation in the world is here given so clearly that no captain or supercargo can mistake. We hope, also, to see it become a house-book, in the possession of all classes of citizens, as an inexhaustible fund of useful and interesting information.

Dr. Barclay's work on Jerusalem, of which we have heretofore spoken, is now succeeded by a small book entitled THE HADJI IN SYRIA, by Mrs. Sarah Barclay Johnson, who, if we are correctly informed, is his daughter. The publishers are Challen & Sons, at Philadelphia. The book is a pleasant addition to our list of works on the Holy Land. The author pretends to no new discoveries or ideas, but she makes a very agreeable, chatty history of some of the incidents in a long residence at the Holy City. The chief value of her book, however, consists in the accurate and beautiful illustrations, which, to one who has seen Jerusalem, are exceedingly pleasing, and to one who has not been a Hadji must prove very instructive. The reader can not fail to observe the resemblance of the name selected for this work to Mr. Curtis's title, "The Howadji in Syria." For the benefit of those who do not know it, it may be well to say that a Howadji is (in modern Arabic usage) a traveler, while a Hadji is a pilgrim.

It is but a little while since we called our readers' attention to Barry Cornwall's "Farewell to the Muse," and lo! Barry Cornwall comes again; not himself, but in the person of his own daughter, who suddenly takes her place, and claims to be, and is, recognized among the poets.

The father lives again in the child. The same delicious purity of thought and melody of words; the same delicacy of outline; the same winning tenderness of expression that make us all love the father, characterize the LAYS AND LEGENDS of Miss Procter. A few of them have been seen heretofore as fugitives without maternity, but the most of them are new and fresh—eminently fresh and heart-reaching. We extract:

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
  Or place my hand in thine;
Before I let thy future give
  Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
  A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
  That holds thy spirit yet;
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
  A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
  Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
  Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back,
  While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but, in true mercy, tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
  That mine can not fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
  Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
  The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
  On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
  And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
  Not thou—had been to blame;
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou—oh, surely thou wilt warn me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear—
  The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
  So comfort thee, my Fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I *would* risk it all.

Our space is small; but we can not lay the book aside without one more extract, which illustrates what we have found one of the pleasantest characteristics of Miss Procter's poetry, that she appreciates and admires the beauties of her father. Barry Cornwall himself might have written this:

HUSH!

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,
  "For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
  I can hear a sound at last."
    "It is only the reapers singing,
      As they carry home their sheaves;
    And the evening breeze has risen,
      And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking."
  Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
  And the red flushed in her cheek.
    "It is only the children playing
      Below now their work is done,
    And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
      By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker
  As, with anxious eyes, she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts
  I can hear a horseman ride."
    "It was only the deer that were feeding
      In a herd on the clover grass;
    They were startled, and fled to the thicket
      As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence
  Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
  And the children were at rest
    There was only a sound of weeping
      From watchers around a bed,
    But rest to the weary spirit,
      Peace to the quiet dead!

Ticknor & Fields will reprint Miss Procter's book.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

OUR RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

MR. FORSYTH, in his dispatches, says, that while he has ceased to hold diplomatic intercourse with the Government of Zuloaga, he deemed it better to remain in Mexico to afford protection to American citizens if needed, and until he could learn the views of his Government as to his course. While the Administration views the action of the Zuloaga Government, with regard to the forced contributions, as an impolitic stretch of power, and injurious to American citizens, it has not yet decided if it be a violation of treaties. Attorney-General Black has the matter under consideration, and will soon submit his views to the President. We have a treaty with Mexico, based on the treaty made by that republic previously with England, forbidding the imposition of a forced loan or contribution. The question for the Attorney-General to decide, then, is this: Is a forced loan against the terms of the treaty?

MR. BERNHISEL ON THE UTAH WAR.

The following card appears in the papers:

"Upon the advice of experienced friends, I have carefully avoided presenting my name in print. The most obnoxious individual, however, is, by popular custom, entitled to ask for himself and for others, when malice is busy against them, what is termed a suspension of public opinion.

"I would most respectfully ask my fellow-citizens to distrust the letters with which the journals now abound, coming or purporting to come from the station of the army of Utah, and which are composed without any regard to truth of statement, by those whose personal interests will be promoted by our country's persevering in the wicked enterprise denominated the Mormon War.

"Why are you told by these cruel and mercenary persons, that there is reason to doubt the sincerity of the Mormons' desire for peace? Why did the Press at their command deny the authenticity of the dispatches of Governor A. Cumming to the commander at Camp Scott and the President? Can they hope, after we have entirely abandoned our plans and sacrificed all our preparations for defense—after we have opened a way into Utah to troops whose existence no one reasonable man will doubt was at our mercy; do they still hope to bring on a war by following after our flying people so closely that the conduct of a licentious soldiery will compel our citizens to defend themselves from their outrages by force?

"I do not understand it. My advices show that four months have passed since we were invited by the President of the United States, or by a gentleman who claimed to have his confidence and represent his views, to receive the assurance of his own and the nation's good-will, and to welcome peace and free intercourse again with the forgetfulness of all past differences. Four months have elapsed since that gentleman came among us with his message of peace, and upon our national faith we felt safe to call back our troops who were upon a hostile march, and salute the flag which should protect every American citizen who has a right to gaze upon it. But the hostile preparations against us still continue, the armed men at the camp still threaten to pursue our families and flocks.

"They even write of their success in prejudicing against us the minds of the two gentlemen who have lately reached them bearing the title of Commissioners of Peace.

"With all these evidences of dark plotting, I still have the hope that they will not be able to cover up the truth with fire and blood. I will not yet place the National Administration with those who are striving to destroy us. I believe the President to be a man from whom the truth may be kept by court intrigue; but I trust in him as one in every case incapable of perfidy.

"I think it enough for me to beg a suspension of public opinion. Very respectfully your obedient servant,

"JOHN M. BERNHISEL.
"Delegate from Utah."

MORE OF THE MURUAGA AFFAIR.

A Washington correspondent gives the following account of the last rencontre between M. Muruaga and the banker Corcoran:

"M. Muruaga, Spanish Secretary of Legation, who, it will be remembered, had a difficulty, about two months ago, with Mr. Corcoran, the banker, about a love affair with Corcoran's daughter, yesterday took satisfaction for the insult he believed he had received by throwing his glove in Corcoran's face. The facts are, Mr. Corcoran objected to the attentions of Muruaga to his daughter. Meeting on the street, about two months ago, such language was used that M. Muruaga felt bound to challenge Mr. Corcoran. During several days pending the challenge, Miss Corcoran, it is said, in her anxiety to prevent a collision, and hoping to prevent it by influencing Muruaga, requested an interview. During the interview, in Corcoran's house, servants, who, it appears, were watching, informed their master of Muruaga's presence. Corcoran, accompanied by Senator Bright and the servants, ejected Muruaga from the house—he and the servants handling very roughly and wounding the Secretary. Upon this Corcoran refused Muruaga's challenge, upon the ground of his unwarrantable presence on his (Corcoran's) premises. Muruaga, feeling the sting of wounded honor, applied to his Government for *congé*, for the purpose of obtaining satisfaction without compromising the legation. Upon obtaining it he announced to Mr. Corcoran, by letter, the termination of the truce, stating that he had been prevented by his official position from seeking reparation before. When Muruaga threw his glove in Corcoran's face, Corcoran drew his pistol, but did not fire. Muruaga stood in an attitude to receive the fire, having his hand on a pistol in his pocket to return the compliment, if not mortally wounded. This has caused great excitement in fashionable circles, though every effort has been made to prevent and suppress it."

THE VETERANS OF 1812.

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* gives the following interesting incidents of the visit of the old soldiers of the war of 1812 to the President, on Monday, 5th inst:

"Colonel Seaton then took his stand by the side of the President, and, as each of the veterans passed, was introduced by name to the Chief Magistrate, who shook hands with each, and exchanged a pleasant remark. Of one of them the President inquired, 'How long have you lived in Washington?' He said, 'Sixty-eight years.' 'Why,' said the President, 'that was before there was a house here?' 'Yes,' said the old man. 'I helped to carry the chains of the surveyors who ran the lines of the city through the woods.' As the soldiers passed along, the President repeated to another a similar inquiry, when he received for reply, 'I worked, Sir, on the old Capitol—my boy, fifty-four years old, is now employed on the new.'

"Colonel Seaton introduced Mr. John Sessford as the 'father of the city.' 'How long have you resided here?' asked the President. 'I came,' said the venerable man, 'before the Government; I entered the office of the *National Intelligencer* in 1800.'"

KILLED IN A COAL-PIT.

The Pottsville *Miners' Journal* tells the following terrible story "About noon on Tuesday last five men and two boys ascended the shaft at the Thomastown colliery, in a car resting on a cage. When within a few inches of the top, a pin upon which the cage rests when it reaches the top, was pulled out too soon, and the car was not on a level with the platform sufficiently to permit it to be rolled off the cage. In this position two of the wheels of the car were rolled off the cage; but it was found impossible to get the other wheels off. A signal was then given to the engineer, who could not see the position of the cage, to hoist it a little. Unfortunately it was hoisted too high; the car tilted, was freed entirely from the cage, and the next instant, with its freight of precious lives, consisting of four men and two boys, was dashed down the shaft, a perpendicular depth of two hundred and forty feet. The remains of the unfortunate men and boys were, after the occurrence, removed to the surface in a shockingly mutilated condition. Two of the men killed, named Sullivan and Kenwich, leave families. The other two, one of whom was named Brennan, were unmarried."

FORTUNATE RESCUE OF A YOUNG GIRL.

A Newport paper has the following: "During the visit of Tourniare & Whitby's National Circus to this city, a short time since, an attempt was made to abduct, with her own connivance, a girl of about fourteen years of age from her friends. The girl is an orphan, living out in a family, and conceived a strong notion of traveling with a circus company. Accordingly, on the last day of the stay of the above circus here, she arranged with them to go off in their company, they secreting her for the purpose. The fact coming to the knowledge of his Honor the Mayor, on Friday evening he proceeded immediately to the circus for the purpose of rescuing the child from her impending fate. Thrice was he repulsed and ordered to leave the tent, in his endeavors to gain access to Watson, the guilty party, once after his errand and official station had been made known. It was then that he ordered the arrest of Watson in the ring, made known to him the case, and ordered him to produce the girl. Watson did not deny any thing, but attempted to turn the thing off as a harmless joke. The end of the matter was, that Mayor Cranston pushed boldly into one of the dressing-rooms, attended only by a child who saw what passed between Watson and the girl, to identify her, found the poor creature secreted, and restored her to her anxious friends. The child had been drugged, for what fiendish purpose the reader can imagine."

RARE TROUT-FISHING.

A letter from the White Mountains says: "A day's sojourn at the Profile House, with a visit to the 'Old Man of the Mountains,' yet looking out in most solemn and solitary grandeur over his domains, to the oft-described Flume, Pool, Basin, and Echo Lake, with trout-fishing, closed our hill-work. One gentleman caught out of Profile Lake *one hundred and fifty-eight trout in six hours.* Think of that, Isaak Walton! In the evening our stage-driver brought over from Lincoln a brook-trout *weighing four and a half pounds*, and nearly two feet long."

A YOUNG LADY SHOT BY MISTAKE.

The Grand Rapids (Michigan) *Eagle* says that a young couple of Newaygo, who were to have been married on Monday of last week, walked out on Saturday and seated themselves upon a log in the shade of the wood, a short distance out of the village of Newaygo, and while thus seated the young lady was shot through the abdomen by a rifle-ball, and expired in three hours thereafter.

The perpetrator of this melancholy deed claims that he was out hunting, and when he saw her through the bushes he thought her a deer, and instantaneously drew his rifle and shot. The lady wore a red dress, and was flirting a white handkerchief to keep away the mosquitoes, which facts fortify the claim of the hunter. The names of the parties are not given.

A CHILD SWEARING AWAY ITS FATHER'S LIFE.

A most bloody and brutal murder was discovered on on 3d inst. at Chicago, which must have been committed on the day previous. The murdered person is a woman, named Jane M'Namee.

The murdered woman had by her husband two children, a little girl and a boy. The boy, four years old, was called as a witness and gave testimony as follows:

Previous to the swearing of the last witness, the little boy was brought in and told his story. He is a very intelligent little lad, and told his tale with an artlessness and sincerity that carried conviction to the hearts of every one that heard it. In the morning he had been asked by the coroner if his father had whipped his mother, and replied, "No." He afterward told Mrs. Cullom that "he daren't tell that man, for he would tell his father." After he was brought in, his attention was first drawn to his playthings, until his timidity being overcome, he told in his childish, lisping prattle, how his father struck his mother, and she fell down; how the blood ran and she was "very sick;" how he stamped upon her after she lay upon the floor, at the same time imitating, with his tiny foot, the motion; how his mother lay in a dark room, and was "so bloody;" how his father drew her forth by the hair of the head, and suiting the action to the word, he grasped both hands in the hair; how his mother tried to get up but could not, swinging his little body to imitate the mother; how he had no dinner in the day time, for his mother was asleep on the bed, but his father got him some after dark; that his father put him to bed; that his mother was in the bed at the time, all bloody by the nose; how she lay on the "boards" (the floor) with blood all round her; how his father wiped up the blood with a dish-cloth and put it in the pan; how he didn't see why she didn't die before, for his father did it very often. And finally, when asked if his mother was drunk, he distinctly said "No, but fader was." It was a scene long to be remembered by all who heard him, in the innocence of his childish confidence, tell his tale, which not a hearer could doubt; not yet old enough to realize his loss, or the danger in which he was placing his only remaining parent.

After listening to the testimony, the jury, with a very few moments' consultation, returned a verdict that the woman came to her death from blows inflicted by her husband, and he was accordingly committed to stand his trial for the awful crime.

STRANGE SCENE IN A CHURCH.

The Palmyra, New York, *Courier* gives the particulars of a novel suit which came off on Tuesday of last week, before Justice Fuller, of Ontario, Wayne County. It appears that the Episcopalians and Methodists of Putneyville occupy one and the same church, alternately. Two Sundays ago, rumor says, the right of use of said church, as per agreement, was with the Episcopalians, and the Sabbath school of that congregation proceeded to occupy the same. But, whether from misunderstanding or otherwise, the Methodist clergyman persisted in holding a meeting at the same time, and as the young ladies conducting the Episcopal Sabbath school would not withdraw, some little confusion ensued. The result was that on Monday following, at the instance of the Methodist clergyman, the young ladies were arrested for disturbing a religious meeting.

A WESTERN JOKE.

Near the mouth of the Ohio are two rival cities, which sometimes manage to keep their heads above water. The editors of both towns have been telling some queer stories about the late submerge. The Mound City *Emporium* is responsible for the subjoined dry joke on a wet subject: "The steamer *Manchester* has been engaged inside the levees at Cairo, during a considerable portion of the past week, towing houses from one point to another, and getting drift out of the town. The report that she tore part of her bottom off by running over the top of the Taylor House is without foundation."

PERSONAL.

Among the passengers by the *Persia* on Wednesday, was the Hon. H. J. Raymond, editor of The New York *Times*. Miss Charlotte Cushman, Mr. John Duncan, Mr. John Van Buren, M. Felix Belly, Mr. L. W. Jerome, and Mr. Mure, H. B. M. Consul at New Orleans, also went out in the *Persia*.

City Marshal Beard, of Lexington, Kentucky, was murdered on 10th inst. by a man named Barker, while endeavoring to arrest him. A crowd collected, and hung the murderer a few hours afterward.

Mr. Benjamin H. Miles, brother of John Miles and Franklin Miles, of Rochester, was killed in a duel at Teuson, Arizona Territory, on the 27th of April last. The circumstances of the affair appear to be, that Edward Miles, a brother of the deceased, got into a difficulty with a man named Curry, and challenged him. Curry refused to meet Edward, for some reason or other, when Benjamin took up the quarrel, and Curry, not having the same objection to him, a hostile meeting took place. The weapons were rifles, and the distance twenty paces. Miles fired in the air, but Curry, incapable of imitating his generosity, deliberately shot him dead. Mr. Miles was buried with Masonic honors.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says: "We regret to learn that Colonel R. M. Hoe, the ingenious inventor of the "Last Fast" rotary steam printing-press, has met with an accident at Brightside, which will confine him to his house for a couple of weeks. He was experimenting with an improved washing machine and boiler, and had turned off the steam from the boiler; but without waiting for it to condense, he commenced to raise the lid, and had only succeeded in withdrawing the pin which held it down, when the iron cover flew off, the steam, hot suds, and wet clothes, flew into his face with sufficient force to knock him down. His face and arms were scalded severely—but fortunately his eyes were uninjured. From the elbows to the hand the skin was taken off. The accident occurred on the 21st ult., and he probably will be confined to the house for a week or eight days longer."

The health of Bishop M'Ilvaine is such as to give much concern to his friends. While presiding at a recent convention, he stated in substance that a very peculiar sensation had come over him, accompanied by a remarkable lapse of memory. He desired the business to proceed, called Rev. Dr. Burr to the chair, and retired. In about half an hour he came back, resumed his post, but it was some time before he could readily call the names of members wishing to address the House. He had a similar attack while recently at the East, and while going home from church on Sunday he had another. He did not return to church in the afternoon, but was there at night, and spoke with remarkable clearness and energy. After church, he replied cheerfully to all inquiries about his health, and expressed himself as feeling in no way uncomfortable. He rested well that night, and left Newark next day in apparently good health.

Lord Napier is at the Nahant Hotel with his family.

Hon. Jefferson Davis arrived in Boston, in the steamer *Joseph Whitney*, from Baltimore, on the 5th inst.

Thomas F. Meagher has returned from the Central American States, where he has been sojourning for several months on a literary and artistic tour, accompanied by his friend Ramon Paez, son of the late President of Venezuela.

The Taunton *Gazette* says there are four sisters in that town, weighing nine hundred and thirty-five pounds. The shortest, being about five feet high, weighs two hundred and fifty-six.

In describing the Fifth of July celebration at Ogdensburg, the *Republican* says:

"Madame Vespucci, we hear, threw open her house and grounds to the free ingress and egress of spectators, and thousands visited her gardens and beautiful walks, and very many made her acquaintance and partook of her hospitalities. These gardens and grounds have been laid out, cultivated, and ornamented entirely under her direction and guidance, and they combine in themselves a degree of comprehensiveness, ingenuity, and refined taste which is seldom, if ever, surpassed in this country."

Madame Vespucci, who resides in Ogdensburg, is the descendant of Amerigo Vespucci, from whom the American continent takes its name.

Of Dyer Ames, the New York broker and Connecticut banker, whose drowning we recorded last week, at Yonkers, the Winsted *Herald* says:

"His personal habits and his family were, however, expensive. To support them, ordinary salaries were insufficient, and Mr. Ames embarked in various speculative operations—at one time visiting Europe in their prosecution. Success still eluded his grasp, and embarrassments followed him with the fidelity of fate, till, at the time of his melancholy end, he had established himself as the keeper of a boarding-house at Yonkers. Disappointment preyed upon him: hope no longer allured him; resort to crime or meaner practices he would not, and on Sunday last he resigned a life which had been unhappy. We would have refrained from these remarks, but the moral of so sad an event should not be lost. It is simply this—he lived too fast. Mr. Ames had never filled any prominent political position, though, perhaps, many of our readers will more readily recall him as a somewhat prominent member in the last Congressional Convention at New Milford. He was a man of warm and generous feelings, and leaves many friends to deplore his untimely end."

Hume, the American medium, was to be married in a few days at St. Petersburg. His bride is Miss Kroll, sister-in-law of the Count Konchelef Besborodo, one of the richest of Russian noblemen, from whom she gets a large fortune.

The case of Mrs. Macready, the reader of Shakspeare, against the City of Alton, Ill., for injuries received in the Spring of 1857, by falling off a side-walk, for which she claimed $20,000 damages, was brought to a close on Wednesday. She obtained a verdict for $300.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT—THE SLAVE-TRADE.

ON the 24th ult., in the House of Lords, the Earl of Malmesbury read the official account received from the French Government in reference to the murder of the crew of the "free-labor" ship *Regina Cœli*, off the Coast of Africa, and the subsequent capture of the vessel by the British Mail-steamer *Ethiope*. It appeared that the vessel was not taken possession of by the *Ethiope* from any sympathy toward the negroes on board, but from a feeling that the crew had been murdered, and that the emigrants on board were pirates. The only difficulty that had arisen had been whether the French captain, who was on shore when the emigrants rose on the rest of the crew, and who had all along declined to assent to the capture of the vessel by the *Ethiope*, was liable to pay salvage. He had distinctly refused, and in the end two French men-of-war removed the vessel from the Siberian waters, where the dispute arose. Lord Brougham protested against the negroes on board the ship, who were proved to have been taken on board in manacles, being regarded as emigrants. He trusted that a French and an English, or an American officer would be commissioned to inquire into the whole circumstances of the case. After a few words from Earl Grey, in denunciation of the "free-emigrant" movement, the subject was dropped.——On the 25th, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Carnarvon stated, in reply to a question from the Bishop of Oxford, that Government was considering a measure to prevent abuses in the exportation of Coolies.

THE NEW INDIA BILL.

In the House of Commons, Lord Stanley moved the second reading of the new bill to amend the Government of India. He explained its provisions, which have already been published in full, and submitted the bill to the candid consideration of the House, as a measure of reform which would gradually lead to other reforms; and as a substitute for a provisional form of government to a more permanent and valuable form of administration, under the direct responsibility of a Minister of the Crown. Mr. Bright made a lengthy speech on Indian affairs in general, and stated that, although he considered the bill failed in one or two points, he would not oppose the second reading. He thought that the Governor-Generalship should be abolished—the position of that officer being too high and his power too great—and that India should be divided into five or six presidencies, with Presidents of equal rank, each division being entirely independent of the others. He urged that India should be governed for Indian interests, and recommended Government, the moment the bill passed, to issue a proclamation offering a general amnesty as the first act done by the Queen, as the Sovereign of India. Mr. Bright made sundry other propositions, and concluded his speech amidst loud cheers. Mr. Whiteside thought some of Mr. Bright's suggestions were quite impracticable, but, at the same time, he had no doubt the principles he advocated would be realized under the plan proposed by Lord Stanley. The bill was read a second time. On the following day the India bill was debated in Committee of the Whole. Several amendments were proposed, but in each case they were rejected by large majorities in favor of the Government. One of the amendments, for a reduction of the number of the Council, was proposed by Lord Palmerston, but it was rejected by sixty-two majority.

THE LAST OF NAPOLEON'S ATTEMPTS TO DICTATE TO ENGLAND.

The trial of Edward Truelove, bookseller, for publishing a libel on the Emperor of the French, came on in the Queen's Bench on the 22d ult. before Lord Campbell and a special jury. The case excited very little interest. There were four counsel on each side. The Attorney-General, who conducted the prosecution, said he rejoiced to announce that the jury would not be called upon to try the indictment. He understood that the defendant was prepared to state that he never intended to countenance the crime of assassination, and to express his regret that any such misconstruction should have been put upon his publication, and that the publication of the work had ceased. This was confirmed by the defendant's counsel. Lord Campbell approved of the course adopted, and a verdict of "Not guilty" was taken. The prosecution against Tchorzewski was disposed of in the same manner.

THE YOUTHFUL FREDAINES OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The *Times* correspondent says: "The Prince of Wales, although only seventeen years old, bids fair to become a worthy successor to the last Prince of Wales—the very fast George IV. The Prince, it is reported, to the horror of his mother the Queen, has been detected in an intrigue with one of the ladies-in-waiting to her Majesty. The result was the immediate sending of the precocious youth on a visit of penitence into Ireland. This incident will perhaps delay the establishment of the young Prince in his own house—a measure to which her Majesty had given consent, and which was soon to be realized."

JENNY LIND IN ENGLAND.

Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt resolved, as is well known, a long time ago, after she had given up her projected journey to Russia, to leave her present residence—Dresden—and settle in England. This intention she has now carried out. After all her furniture in Dresden had been disposed of, no inconsiderable number of packages, with articles of value, etc., have been forwarded *via* Hamburg, to England. Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, with her husband and two children, a son and daughter, and domestics, have taken possession of a neat villa, called "Rochampton Lodge," situated near to the south side of Barnes Common, and about a mile from Putney. The house is in a retired position, and in the immediate vicinity of Putney Common and the picturesque village of Roehampton.

THE AMERICAN CHESS CHAMPION IN ENGLAND.

The American chess champion, Mr. P. Morphy, of New Orleans, has arrived in London to follow up his challenge to play the English champion, Mr. H. Staunton. Mr. Morphy is a marvel of memory and skill, having, it is said, sustained no fewer than seven games simultaneously without sight of the boards. He will attend the annual meeting of the chess *savans*, in August next, at Birmingham. Mr. Morphy has played with some of the members of the St. George's Chess Club, and exhibited wonderful power.

RAREY THE HORSE-TAMER.

The following letter from Rarey the horse-tamer, to his nephew in this country, is published in the Southern papers:

"LIVERPOOL, *Friday Evening, April* 23, 1858.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I wrote you two sheets this morning, but was called away before I had quite finished, and now I have just got through with the day and had my tea, I will hurry to finish your letter before any one calls. There is no rest for the wicked, and no accomplishment without great labor. I have just had a very hard day, and between the hurrahs, the rush of the people, the lecture, the breaking of these very bad horses (one so as to be shod), the excitement, and the perfect volley of all manner of questions, I feel very much like leaning back in my chair and taking a quiet snooze.

"They tried to bring some horses to-day to defeat me, but they couldn't come it, and I, as usual, came off victorious, amidst the loud cheers of a class of about one hundred scholars.

"I wish you could be here just one day to see how enthusiastic the people are. This morning when I stepped into the school and took off my hat, they set up such a cheering and clapping of hands that made every thing ring, so animating me that I was full of eloquence, and addressed them with as much enthusiasm as though I was a second Kossuth. The streets outside of the building were crowded, and when I rode out on the back of a vicious stallion that no man had been able to mount for three years, they too set up a loud hurrah for the great American, that they think I am. They don't know that I am nobody but your Uncle Jack, that used to break horses in the little town of Groveport.

"Well, the name American sounds well, and I think I would be justifiable in being proud of the name, if I am not of myself. I wouldn't like to be called the great Frenchman or the great Englishman. Nothing carries with it so much music as the name of American, etc., etc.

"As ever, your friend and uncle,

"J. S. RAREY."

FRANCE.

POLITICAL CONDITION OF THE EMPIRE.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "I have been told by parties capable of gleaning their information from the most authentic sources, that never, since the last revolution, was the public mind so diseased; that men seem waiting, anticipating, not to say laying plans, for a great crash, and that they seem to be firmly persuaded that without it there is no hope for them. I have heard that private lists of proprietors' names are registered and passed from one to the other, who will be offered up as a holocaust to popular vengeance in case of the long-expected casualty befalling the Emperor. It is said that the form of government is already arranged, and that the day of retribution will be terrible. The Emperor is known, in fact, to be seriously uneasy. His contemplated journey to Plombieres is for the moment postponed, and day after day he is employed in receiving at St. Cloud deputations from various departments of commerce, and doing all in his power to allay an excitement beyond his control. In all public securities heaviness continues to be the prominent characteristic of the market. The removal of the truculent General Espinasse and the substitution of M. Delangle has, as I predicted, done little or nothing to restore public confidence at home or abroad, and many do not scruple to say that the tide of the Emperor's fortune is fast ebbing."

WILL OF THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

The *Echo de l'Est*, a journal of the Haut-Rhin, gave the following as an analysis of the will of the late Duchess of Orleans:

"Her Royal Highness places her two children under the protection of the Queen Maria Amelie and their uncles; expresses a wish that the Comte de Paris shall be declared of age, and prays the Queen to be the guardian of the Duke de Chartres. Addressing her sons, the Duchess exhorts them to take for their model the prudence of their grandfather and the chivalrous virtues of their father, and expresses a hope that they will never abandon the political principles of their house, which their grandfather maintained during the eighteen years he was on the throne, and which their father, as proved by his will, energetically professed. After a few touching words of adieu to France, the Princess divides the bulk of her fortune equally between her two sons. Her Royal Highness also leaves legacies to members of her family in Germany, and pensions to old servants."

IMPERIAL ALBUMS.

"I have had an opportunity," says the Paris correspondent of the *Express*, "of seeing one of forty albums, which have been ordered by the Emperor as presents from him to forty generals who were with his Majesty at the Châlons camp last year. Each album contains full-length portraits of the forty generals, executed in the very best style of M. Legray, the celebrated photographer, and also a great many interesting camp scenes. The pictures, which probably form the most perfect specimens of the photographic art ever published, are bound in a magnificent folio volume, green and gold. On the cover of each volume is inscribed the words 'Souvenirs du camp de Châlons,' followed by the name of the general to whom that particular copy is given. The value of this very costly present is greatly enhanced by a portrait of the Emperor himself, taken by M. Legray in his Majesty's tent at Châlons. It is the most faithful likeness of the Emperor that has ever been seen, and differs very materially in the expression of the countenance from the numberless portraits which are touched up for exhibition in the shops. The eyes and lower jaw in particular are represented with a fidelity of which only those who have had opportunities of closely scrutinizing the countenance of this remarkable man can form any idea. The public will not, for the present at least, be able to study this wonderful 'sun picture,' as the strictest orders have been given that no copy of it shall be made beyond the forty ordered for the generals."

THE CENSORSHIP IN FRANCE.

The London *Times* Paris correspondent gives one a tolerably good notion of the French censorship, in the following extract from one of his recent letters:

"The '*Lionnes Pauvres*' of M. Emile Augier has just been published. It is dedicated to Prince Napoleon, without whose intervention it would never have been performed, and it is preceded by a preface which makes some amusing revelations respecting the dramatic censorship. Among other things, it is said that the author made a *femme de chambre* say to Madame Pommeau, the *lionne pauvre*, 'I hear Monsieur Pommeau: run to amuse him;' and the censorship wrote in the margin: 'This is indecent.' After the phrase 'Ask for a week's delay—there is no Englishman so much an Arab as—,' the censorship wrote: 'An attack on the alliance.' After the phrase 'These turpitudes are no secret to *Punch*,' was written the remark 'Bad taste.' 'At all the stages of society' they wrote 'Dangerous.' M. Augier adds, 'I ask pardon of the censors for violating the secret of the deliberations, but they have set the example by not keeping it themselves. One of them even amused himself by going about, proclaiming every where that our piece was a turpitude!'"

WHAT IT COSTS TO SPEAK ILL OF THE EMPEROR.

A man named Ferré, describing himself as a "carpenter and poet," has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment for singing in the streets one of his own effusions, entitled "Confession of the Emperor to the archbishop," of a grossly offensive character to his Majesty. On the 12th ult. an individual named Dassaud de Nevrejé, belonging to the unfortunate category of "pardoned political offenders," was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 500 francs for speaking evil of the Emperor.

SENATOR SUMNER'S TREATMENT.

A letter from Paris, on the subject of Senator Sumner's medical treatment, enters into the following details: "Dr. Brown-Sequard agrees with Dr. Hayward as to the necessity of an active treatment, doubting very much whether any degree of care or lapse of time, unless the morbid condition of the system be directly acted upon, would not always leave the patient exposed to a relapse. He proceeded, therefore, at once to apply fire to the back of the neck and along the spine. Now, fire is fire, and the quality of it is to burn, as surely as the 'property of rain is to wet.' And here I can not do better than to quote entire a note I have just received from M. Sequard: 'I think you will like to be able to say that I have told you that I have applied six *moxas* to Senator Sumner's neck and back, and that he has borne these *exceedingly* painful applications with the greatest courage and patience. You know that a moxa is a burning of the skin with inflamed agaric (*amadou*), cotton wool or some other very combustible substance. I had never seen a man bearing with such a fortitude as Mr. Sumner has shown the extremely violent pain of this kind of burning.' So you see the *morale* is sound. In his memorandum, the Doctor speaks cautiously but hopefully of the final result. He says: 'I am in hopes that an active treatment will produce the absorption of the excess of fluid effused about the brain, and diminish the congestion of the membranes of this organ. As regards the condition of the spine, which is quite distinct from that of the head, though due to the same primary cause, and by a sort of *contre coup*, an active treatment may diminish the degree of pain, if not altogether render the sensibility normal, so as to allow walking and other movements to take place without pain.'"

Mr. Sumner's general health has almost entirely rallied from the original shock.

HOW THE PARISIANS MANAGE IN HOT WEATHER.

The intense heat of the weather has had the effect of inducing many Parisians to convert night into day, in order to enjoy the more moderate temperature of that portion of the twenty-four hours. The Bois de Boulogne is crowded with carriages of all descriptions, from nine in the evening till two in the morning. The boatmen on the lake are actively employed during the same period. The thermometer marked ninety-four degrees Fahrenheit in a very shady position at three on Wednesday afternoon, the 16th ult.

A LUCKY ACTRESS.

They say that a windfall has come to the Baroness Vigier, late Sophie Cruvelli, by the death of Ahmed Pacha, recently drowned in Egypt. The Pacha, who resided for some time in Paris, it seems, was seized with a real true Egyptian exclusive admiration for the fair cantatrice, and made the most handsome overtures of settlement if she would consent to abandon her theatrical career and wander to Egypt with him. His passion, increased by refusal on the lady's part, grew so fierce at last that the Pacha even went to the extent of offering not only his heart and fortune, but his hand, with the life presidency of his harem, if she would but agree to give up and follow him. But nothing could avail, and the poor Pacha left Paris in despair. But though lost to him it appears the fair syren was not forgotten, for by his will he has left her, some say a million of francs, besides jewels to a large amount, among which the famous emerald bracelet worn by Mehemet Ali, and considered of immense value, is said to be included.

TERRIBLE SCENE AT A FIRE.

A fire in the Church of the Madeleine, at Liege, has caused the entire destruction of the edifice, with the exception of the walls. The tower, which fell in with a tremendous crash after the conflagration had raged for some time, was principally constructed of wood. The fire commenced in a heap of straw collected in a small shop which was built close to the church. The boys, who were under the Fils de la Doctrine Chretienne, escaped easily, but the girls had some difficulty in getting out. Their school-room opens into a long corridor, and when the alarm of fire was given, this corridor was full of thick smoke, as was also a stair-case at the end of it. Some of the girls, however, rushed along it, but, exhausted by the smoke, they, on reaching the stairs, fell down one over the other; the remainder of the children crowded the windows, and, extending their arms, shrieked for help to the people in the street. Some of the townspeople, at the risk of their lives, penetrated into the edifice, and rescued the children one by one. Many of the latter were half dead from suffocation and terror, and clung desperately to each other. When, as was thought, all the children had been rescued, loud shrieks and cries were heard in a distant room in the upper part of the edifice, and it turned out that ten little girls and a teacher had been forgotten there. Flames were rapidly approaching the room, but, nevertheless, some courageous persons went to it, and, as it was impossible to make the children leave it by the corridor and the stair-case, they let them down into the street by means of ladders and ropes—afterward descending themselves in the same way. While all this was going on, the fathers and mothers of the children assembled, and gave way to the most violent demonstrations of alarm—it was even not without difficulty that some of the mothers were prevented from rushing into the midst of the smoke and flame to seek for their children. The whole scene was affecting in the extreme. It has been reported that between thirty and forty children were burned to death, but, according to *Galignani*, not one perished, nor was the life of any adult lost, though several men were more or less injured. The superior of the girl's school, a Sister of Charity, did not leave the burning edifice until she knew that every one of the children had been saved. The church which has just been destroyed was built in 1664, on the site of, one constructed in 959.

GERMANY.

HOOPS PROSCRIBED IN VIENNA.

The fashion of hoops has received a severe check in Vienna, where the actresses of the Carl Theatre have been prohibited from wearing them. This measure was rendered necessary by the fact of an actress who, in the character of an orphan, was to have fainted away and fallen to the ground, found it impossible to realize the latter idea with any thing like nature, from being so strongly cased in her steel-bound frame-work.

RUSSIA.

LIBERALISM OF THE EMPEROR.

Letters from St. Petersburg state that the Emperor is gathering about him every day men belonging to the progressive party. The Cabinet is impressed with the necessity of approaching Western civilization, and the next generation will not find any trace of slavery in Russia. This policy is opposed by the old Russian party, headed by Prince Menschikoff. The old German party, headed by Prince Nesselrode, has not much influence. Russia is on the very worst terms with Austria, and on the very best with France. England is by no means popular, and Russia threatens to make any alliance hostile to Great Britain. Russia is very active in Turkey, not to create any actual revolt, but to gain the feelings of the Christians.

RAISING THE RUSSIAN VESSELS AT SEBASTOPOL.

Letters have been received in Boston, dated Sebastopol, May 24, by which the Boston papers learn that the work of raising the sunken Russian fleet progresses rapidly and with remarkable success. They make the following extract:

"We have raised *whole* the 16-gun vessel-of-war *Swelya*, and brought her down to the Admiralty, slung between the caissons, last night. She had over three hundred tons of mud in her hold and on her decks, besides all her rigging, iron tanks, pig-iron ballast, etc., etc. She lay up the South Bay, and as the rains wash the steep banks that comprise the sides of the bay, the soil being quite alluvial, it constantly keeps the water in a riled state, depositing the sediment upon the decks and in the hatches. This, however, is not the case in the main harbor, and we only tried this vessel to test the machinery before going to work at raising the heavier vessels. The caissons operated as well as we expected, and at no time did we use over one-fifth of their power. This, of course, demonstrates the entire feasibility of raising any and every ship in the harbor of Sebastopol. We shall undoubtedly raise the whole fleet this summer. Next week we shall raise a steamer whole, and shall follow with raising all that are worth the labor, whole, and blast with submarine charges the balance."

TURKEY.

MARRIAGE OF THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTERS.

The Sultan has given two of his daughters away in marriage; the expenses of this double marriage are valued at 14,000,000 francs. It is the custom on such occasions for the Sultan to keep open table for all his Mussulman subjects for fifteen days. It must not be supposed that these banquets are distinguished for their delicacy; herds of sheep broiled rather than roasted, rice, and raw cucumbers, compose the bill of fare offered by the greatest potentate of the East to his subjects. In the present state of the Turkish finances this expenditure of 14,000,000 francs for the benefit of a ragged crowd betrays great penetration.

THE PRINCIPALITIES.

DIVINITY STUDENTS IN TROUBLE.

A number of the students of the Metropolitan School of Divinity, at Bucharest, having complained of their food, one of the authorities struck a student, who was the spokesman on that occasion; whereupon all the boys defended their companion. The police were called in, and the rebellious schoolboys were marched off to prison; later, they were stripped of their gowns and publicly flogged. This event has produced much agitation and indignation.

SYRIA.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE ON AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* says: "Some six months ago an American missionary of the Presbyterian Church took up his residence at Zahleh, with the intention of learning the Arabic language, and also of seeing whether, in time, schools could not be established in the place. The people themselves were glad to see this gentleman, as all over Syria the American schools have a first-rate name; but the priests were exceedingly angry at his presumption for coming among their flock, and several times wrote him letters warning him to leave the place. The missionary—whose name, by the way, is Dod—replied that he was in his own right in living where he liked; that he was not aware of having given any body any offense; and that, with all due deference to the indignant ecclesiastics, he would remain where he was. For a time he was left unmolested; but upon his concluding a bargain for the hire of a house, which he engaged for a term of seven years, the storm burst out again. One of the chief Greek Catholic priests visited him at the small hotel where he was living, and said that unless he took his departure forthwith the people of the town would rise and stone him out of the place. Mr. Dod answered that he did not think that likely, for the inhabitants of Zahleh had always shown themselves kind toward him. A few days afterward (only a fortnight ago), some ten or a dozen of the same order of priests, together with one of the French Jesuits, came to his house, and brought with them mules, upon which they said he must pack up his baggage and be off. They were not accompanied by any of the townspeople; but they said they were acting under the orders of the bishop. Mr. Dod said to them that if forced to go he could not help himself, but declared he would never move from what he considered his post of duty of his own accord. Upon this these gentle ministers of the Gospel, with their own sacred hands, threw out of the windows all his books, clothes, and furniture, as also all that belonged to his wife and child—the latter an infant in arms. The French Jesuit took no active part in the proceedings; but he did not prevent—which he might have done by a word, as the native priests in Syria have the greatest fear and reverence for all European monks, and more particularly for those of his Order—the others acting as they did. The woman—an old Italian, who keeps the small inn at Zahleh, where Mr. Dod was living—remonstrated with them for treating her lodger as they did; but all she made by her move was to be beaten by them very severely. They were then proceeding to eject Mr. Dod and his wife; but as the former did not wish to expose a lady to the hands of these fellows, he volunteered to move off at once. One would have thought that in a lonely, far-off place like Zahleh, and, above all, under the circumstances I have mentioned, an establishment composed of European men of education—more particularly men who professed to be ministers of the Gospel, and who call their Order by the name of our common Saviour—would have offered Mr. Dod some assistance—some shelter, at least, until he could make arrangements for his departure. But not so. The Jesuits of the place never so much as made him the slightest offer of assistance, in any way whatever; and under a burning Syrian sun, at a moment's notice, was this gentleman obliged to move off over the mountains with his wife and young child, on a journey of eight hours, to the house of a brother missionary who lives at Bhamdoon."

INDIA.

LATEST NEWS.

Important news from India has been received in England *via* telegraph from Malta.

Sir Hugh Rose had captured Calpee, after having been twice ineffectually attacked by the rebels. Rapid pursuit was made of the enemy, resulting in the capture of a large amount of stores, of guns, gunpowder, elephants and ammunition.

Serious disturbances had occurred in the Bombay Presidency, where a political agent, with his escort, had been murdered by a band of 800 rebels.

Fort Copal had been taken by assault.

New-Goond had also been stormed and taken.

The Nizam's country was much disturbed by Arabs and Rohillas.

Sir Colin Campbell had driven the rebels back from Shahjehanpore and captured Mohundee.

Oude was still in a state of rebellion.

The rebels were approaching Lucknow, but the city was fully defended and garrisoned, and no alarm was felt for its safety.

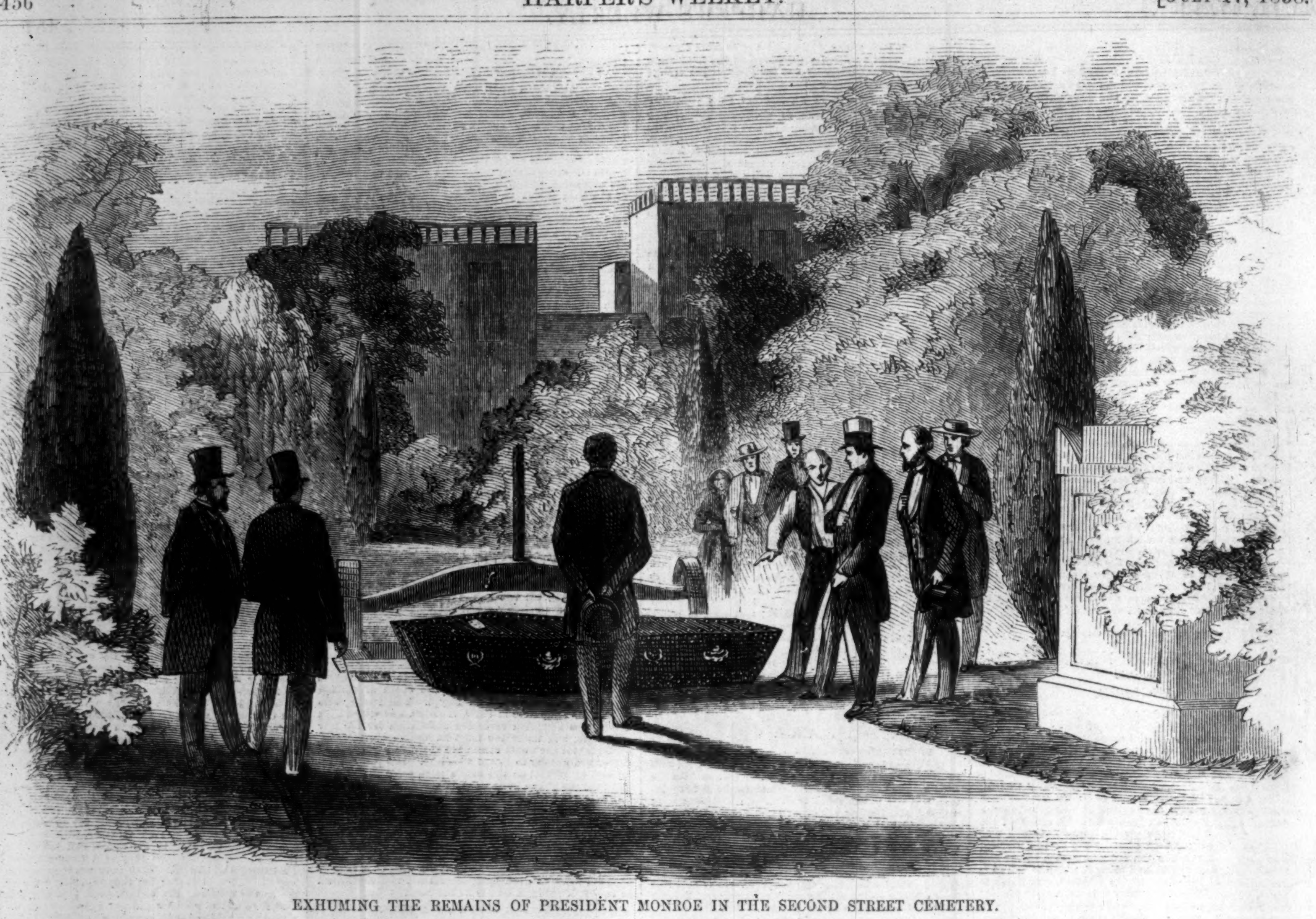
Sir E. Lugard had defeated the rebels at Jugdespore, killing great numbers of them.

Gwalior had been attacked and plundered by the rebels.

GALLANTRY OF THE SIKHS.

An officer of the Naval Brigade gives the following account of the late disaster at Jugdispore:

"Our men advanced two miles into a very thick jungle, till they were unable to work the two large guns they had along with them (two 12-pound howitzers), and then they were surrounded in every direction but the rear. The rebels were about eight or ten thousand in number, and owing to the difficulties in a jungle, the burning sun over their heads, and the great odds against them, a great number of them being cavalry, our brave fellows had to retreat, and they were followed close up by the cavalry; and when one of our men fell by the sun, the cavalry jumped off their horses, and the next minute his head was rolling on the road-side. They had to retreat in this manner for twenty miles, and not a thing to eat or drink from the time they left us but the one dram of grog. Out of one hundred and fifty soldiers only forty-six came back, and out of our fifty we lost twenty men. Out of one hundred and fifty Sikhs they lost eight or ten only, and if it had not been for the Sikhs not a man of the soldiers or our squad would have returned. They rallied again and again, and every shot they fired told well. They are splendid marksmen, and they tried to cheer up our poor fellows greatly. There were a good number of the Sikhs wounded, and it would do you good to see how bravely they bore it. One poor fellow had a bullet sent right through his thigh, and there he was lying in the hospital, with a smile on his face, trying to cheer up a poor soldier lying next to him. The captain in command was killed, also the doctor of the regiment. Only two officers out of five came back, and the captain of the Sikhs was wounded; he is an Englishman, and is greatly loved by the Sikhs."



EXHUMING THE REMAINS OF PRESIDENT MONROE IN THE SECOND STREET CEMETERY.

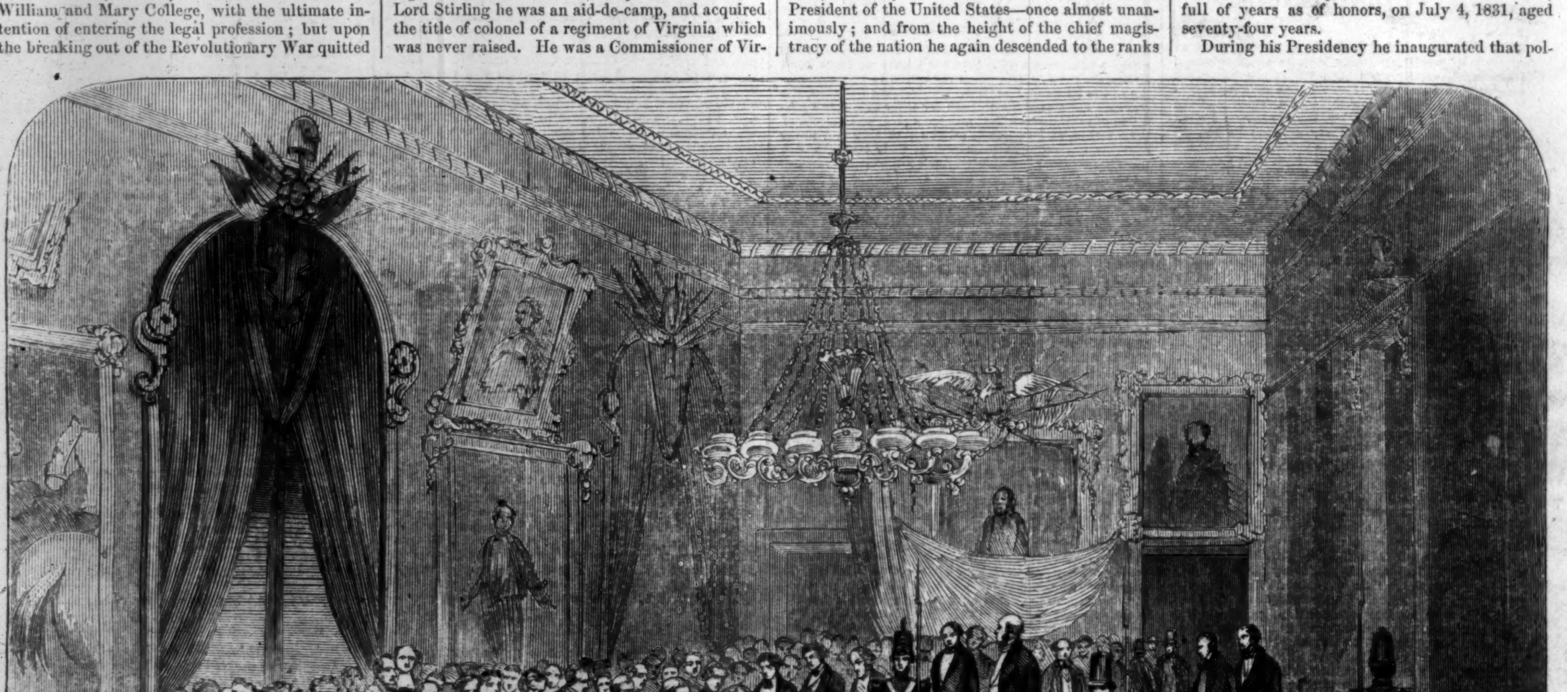
THE MONROE OBSEQUIES.

We place upon record this week an account, with four illustrations by an artist who accompanied the expedition, of the most prominent scenes in the late transfer of the remains of the venerated James Monroe from New York to Richmond.

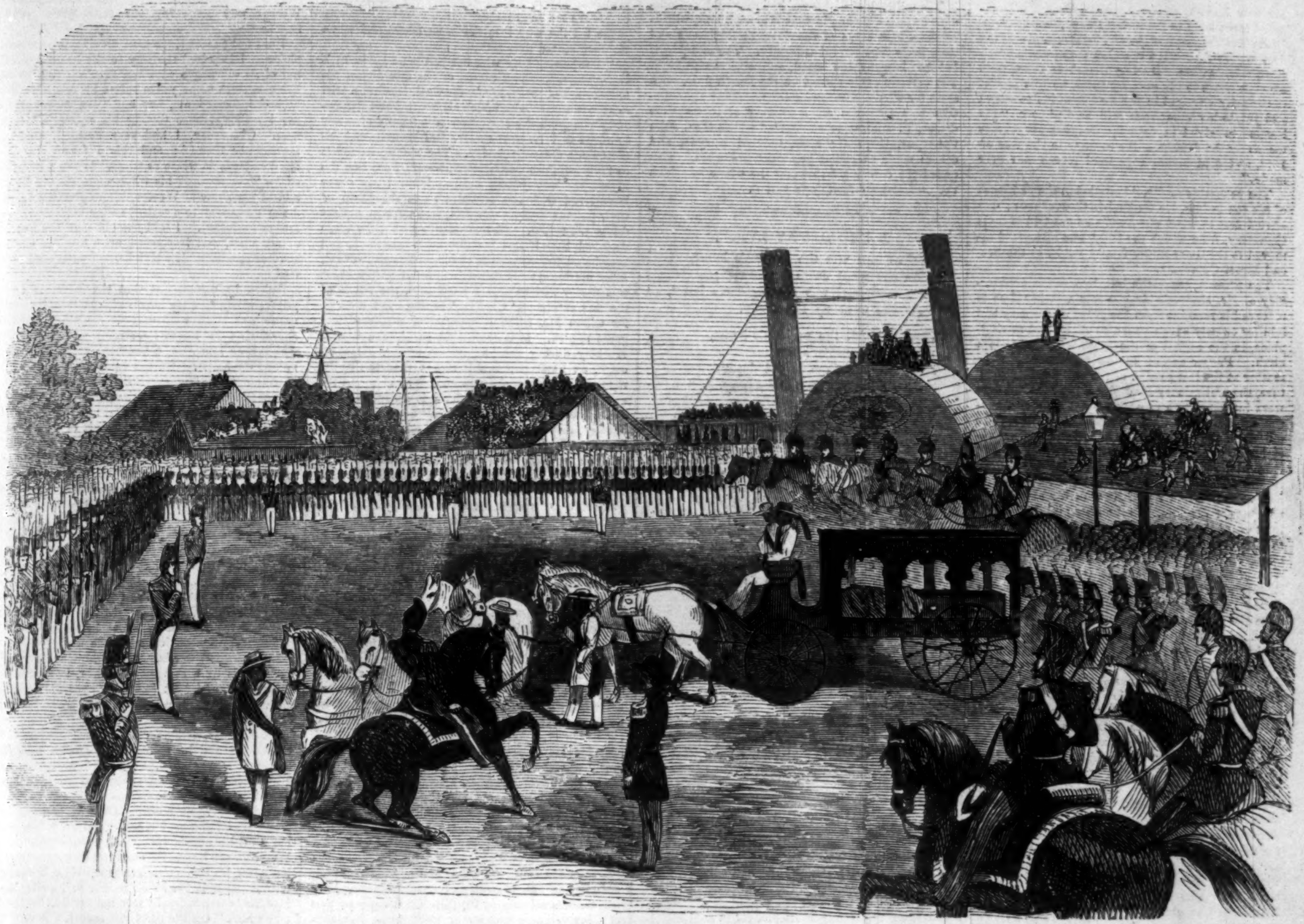
Mr. Monroe was born of an old and well-known Virginia family, in Westmoreland County, in the Old Dominion, in the year 1758. He studied at William and Mary College, with the ultimate intention of entering the legal profession; but upon the breaking out of the Revolutionary War quitted his books to serve his country, and in 1776, in the eighteenth year of his age, entered the Revolutionary army, joining Colonel Mercer's regiment as a cadet. In his eloquent address at Richmond, Governor Wise gave a rapid summary of Mr. Monroe's career, which we can not do better than avail ourselves of here:

"He was severely wounded before he rose to a higher rank than that of a captain, and never rose higher in the line of the military. In the staff of Lord Stirling he was an aid-de-camp, and acquired the title of colonel of a regiment of Virginia which was never raised. He was a Commissioner of Virginia to the northern camp; a legislator of Virginia; a member of the Continental Congress; a member of the Convention of Virginia to adopt the Federal Constitution; Senator of Virginia in Congress; Minister to France; twice Governor of Virginia; again Minister to France, to England, and to Spain, and again to England; Secretary of State; and in the war of free trade and sailors' rights, for which he had contended as early as 1807, Secretary of War. He was twice elected President of the United States—once almost unanimously; and from the height of the chief magistracy of the nation he again descended to the ranks of the people, and became a magistrate of the quorum of gentleman justices of the peace. And lastly, in the year 1829–'30, he was President of the first Convention of Virginia to reform the Constitution of the State. This last post infirmity and old age compelled him to resign; and then, in 1830, his course run, good fight fought, full of life and vigor, full of years, and full of honors, the great and good old man retired to the bosom of his family in the State of his adoption." He died in New York, full of years as of honors, on July 4, 1831, aged seventy-four years.

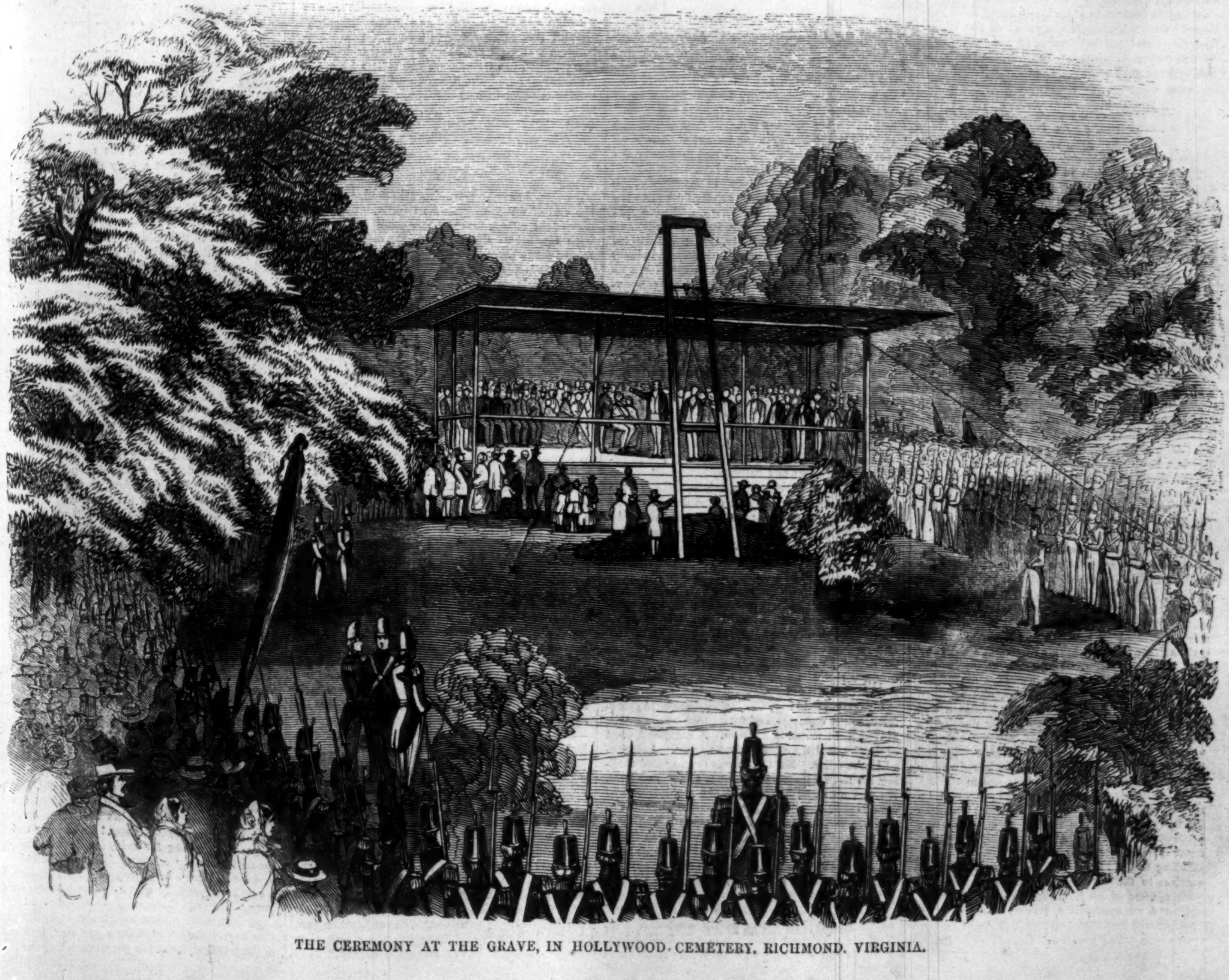
During his Presidency he inaugurated that pol-



LYING IN STATE AT THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.



THE LANDING AT RICHMOND.



THE CEREMONY AT THE GRAVE, IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

icy now known as the "Monroe doctrine." He aided essentially in procuring the purchase of Louisiana and the acquisition of Florida; and was the first to give Executive sanction to the cause of African colonization. During fifty-three years, from his eighteenth to his seventy-third, he was almost continually engaged in the service of his country; and yet, to his honor be it said, he died poor. "He became involved in debt by pledging his private means for the defense of the country in the war of 1812, and died before a grateful return was ever made."

The venerable ex-President died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Samuel L. Gouverneur; was buried first in what was known as the Old Marble Cemetery, from which the body was afterward removed to the Gouverneur family vault, in the Second Street Cemetery.

The present year—the one hundredth anniversary of Mr. Monroe's birth—was a fitting time to remove his remains from the place where they had lain for twenty-seven years, to their final resting-place, in the capital of the State which gave him birth. Proper action having been taken in the matter at the last session of the Virginian Legislature, the preliminary arrangements for the removal were intrusted to a committee of Virginians, consisting of Major Mumford and Mr. O. J. Wise. The objects of the committee were assisted by the official action of the New York city government; and it was determined to make the occasion one of kindly and fraternal meeting between the authorities and volunteer soldiery of New York and those of the State of Virginia. That nothing might be lacking toward the dignified carrying out of the object, the Secretary of the Treasury offered the Committee of Virginians the use of the new revenue cutter *Harriet Lane* to bear the remains from this city to Richmond, which offer came too late, the steamer *Jamestown* having been chartered for this purpose some time before.

All being arranged, it was determined to exhume the body of the ex-President early on the morning of Friday, July 2. From motives of respect to the feelings of the relatives of the deceased it was decided that the exhumation should be conducted quietly and without ceremony. So carefully was this design carried out that the time was known to but a few whom it was desirable to have present. The hour of five A.M. was fixed upon as least likely to attract attention; and at that time deputations from the Common Council Committee, the Committee of Virginians, the surviving relatives of the deceased, and several others, arrived at the cemetery. The undertaker had prepared the vault for the removal; and shortly after five the hearse arrived, with a new coffin, which was to contain the old one, and the little company gathered about the spot. The little wren-house, which had so long served as almost the only thing to mark the spot, still stood there, and the little birds fluttered about at being thus unwontedly disturbed. The coffin of the ex-President, which was of mahogany, covering an inner case of lead, was found to be but slightly decayed, though the polish of the silver mountings and the brightness of the mahogany were, of course, tarnished. The following inscription could be plainly read on the silver plate:

JAMES MONROE,
OF VIRGINIA.
Died July 4, 1831,
Aged 74.

The body was taken to the Church of the Annunciation, in Fourteenth Street, where it was placed on a raised platform prepared to receive it, and left in charge of two policemen until the afternoon, when the remains were escorted to the City Hall by one of the largest and most imposing military and civic processions the citizens of New York have ever witnessed. The remains were left under guard of the Eighth Regiment during the night, preparatory to their removal on the morrow on board the *Jamestown*. During the march of the procession the bells were tolled, the flags in the port were at half-mast, and minute-guns were fired.

On Saturday morning the remains were escorted to the steamer *Jamestown* by the Seventh Regiment, and there formally delivered to the Committee of Virginians. The Seventh Regiment then embarked on the steamer *Ericsson*, which they had chartered, for Richmond. The Committee of Virginians and the Common Council, and a guard of twenty of the Seventh Regiment, under command of Lieutenant W. K. Harrison, accompanied the remains on the *Jamestown*.

The body of the ex-President was located in the gentlemen's sitting-room, on the upper deck of the *Jamestown*, which was appropriately draped with black and white muslin festoons and rosettes for the occasion. The weather was pleasant, and the steamer arrived without accident at Norfolk, on Sunday, July 4, where a procession was ready to receive, and for a short time entertain, those on board. At eight o'clock Sunday evening the steamer started for Richmond, where she arrived early on Monday morning, the *Ericsson's* company arriving shortly after. Numerous flags were flying at half-mast, and as the *Jamestown* neared her wharf she was saluted with guns, and received with a Virginia whoop by the crowd of men and boys. The military, city, and other dignitaries had already reached the wharf, and were drawn up ready to receive the guests, Governor Wise and the other principal personages being introduced to the committees as soon as the boat was moored.

As the *Jamestown's* company was landing a rain-storm burst upon the crowd. After its cessation the body was placed in the hearse, and the whole procession moved toward the cemetery, where Governor Wise delivered a brief but impressive address, alluding to the incidents of Monroe's life and his services to the country in terms of touching eloquence, after which Rev. Mr. Reed, of Petersburg, delivered an appropriate prayer. The body was now lowered into the grave, the troops resting upon their arms. The procession thereupon moved off, without music.

The military of Richmond had provided a sumptuous collation at the gigantic Warwick Mill, whither the whole corps of the Seventh Regiment and their hosts repaired immediately. The building is 164 feet long by 100 broad, and nine stories high. The collation was spread on the fourth floor, with seats for over a thousand guests. After the collation was partaken of, a number of toasts were drunk, in answer to several of which Hon. John Cochrane, Governor Wise, Colonel Duryea, and others made short but pertinent addresses. This ended the ceremonies, during the whole of which the utmost good feeling prevailed.

A BROADWAY LYRIC.

FANCY-FREE was the maiden's heart,
As she went down Broadway;
Love-enchained was the maiden's heart,
As she went up Broadway.

Thus it befell the maiden's heart,
Upon a summer's day,
That freedom from it did depart
As she went down Broadway.

When freedom left the maiden's heart,
As she went down Broadway,
Love crept in to the maiden's heart
And set its chords at play.

The morning sun had shone upon
A happy heart that day;
Oh, why did that bright morning sun
Allure her down Broadway?

She had enough to eat and drink,
And lived from day to day
So well that surely all would think
She might be always gay.

But something moved the maiden's heart
As she went down Broadway,
And in the happy maiden's heart
Set bitter thoughts at play.

The dart that rankled in her heart
Upon that fatal day,
Was a love on the maiden's part
As she went up Broadway.

For "*a real love of a bonnet,*"
Which she saw down Broadway,
"*With just the very trimmings on it
M'Flimsey wore that day!*"

But alas! for the maiden's heart,
As she went up Broadway,
She and the bonnet had to part—
She lacked "the tin" to pay!

MR. GREEN'S CLIENT.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE, OF VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER I.

IN 1825 I was studying law in the office of Mr. Josiah Green. My father, who had died some years before, had left me a competent estate, and I had duly gone through my collegiate course and "enjoyed life;" but growing weary, at the age of twenty-six, of doing nothing, I had resolutely determined to apply myself to the law.

One morning I was studying in the outer of the two offices when a handsome carriage drove to the door. A lady with her vail down, and accompanied by a child of eight or ten, issued from it, and entering the office, asked if Mr. Green was within. I replied in the affirmative, and ushered the visitor into the inner sanctum of the old counselor, who rose politely and offered the lady and her companion seats. The door was closed, and I resumed my perusal of "Fearne's Contingent Remainders."

Very soon, however, I found my thoughts wandering. They took the direction of the vailed visitor. I had not seen her face through the heavy green vail; but two large, blue eyes, full of sad sweetness, had looked into my own for an instant, and I remembered their expression. The voice, too, was musical and plaintive, and affected me. As to the lady's apparel, it was tasteful and simple, elegant in fabric and adaptation to her slender person. The gloved hand which held her handkerchief was small and delicate.

I was but twenty-six, as I have said, at the time, and it was natural that these details should impress me. We did not have such visitors often in our dusty old office; and to make a long story short, I found myself wandering from my law-book, and trying to imagine the subject of the low-toned conversation in the adjoining room.

The lady staid for an hour, and then came forth attended by good Mr. Green, who passed his spectacles backward and forward in his hands, and seemed to be somewhat affected.

"To-morrow, at half past two, then, Miss Ellenborough," he said. "I can not promise you success, for the will seems regular, but I will exert my best abilities in your service."

I attended the lady, who inclined her head gratefully, to the carriage, and for an instant the small, gloved hand rested in my own. A low-toned word of thanks, and the vehicle drove away. I returned to the office. Mr. Green was musing and shaking his head with an appearance of some sadness. He was an excellent-hearted old gentleman, and never could acquire that philosophic indifference in business which characterizes many lawyers.

He must have seen from my expression that I was curious to know the nature of his client's business; and in reply to his question to that effect, I said that I should regard his confidence as a high proof of regard.

"Well, Mr. Wadsworth," he said, "I shall not withhold it. I can very safely confide in you. You are a prudent man, not a light-headed boy. Perhaps you may suggest some course of action in a matter which, I confess, moves me greatly, and perplexes me as greatly."

He led the way into the inner room, and when we were seated thus resumed:

"The young lady who has just gone is Miss Ellenborough, a young cousin of the late James Ellenborough of 'Hockley.' He died, leaving a will—here is a copy—by which all his real and personal estate, with the exception of a legacy of a few hundred dollars, goes to Mr. Joel Wescot, of Middletown, a distant relative. The trifling legacy is in favor of Miss Ellenborough—and here lies the mystery. The young lady and her little sister have lived with the deceased since the death of their parents many years ago, and were great favorites with him. She assures me that he often declared herself and her sister his sole heirs, and mentioned the execution of his will to that effect. After his death no such will was found; that which was discovered left, as I have said, the whole of the fine estate at 'Hockley' to Mr. Joel Wescot, for whom Mr. Ellenborough never professed any great regard. It is true, this gentleman was at Hockley during the last illness of Mr. Ellenborough, on business; but it seems that the dying man never expressed any liking for him; and the execution of a will in his favor is incomprehensible. Possession could not, however, be denied Wescot, and he now resides at Hockley; Miss Ellenborough and her younger sister having most reluctantly accepted the kind offer of a home from one of the neighbors who was a friend of Mr. Ellenborough's. The sense of dependence, however, evidently preys upon her mind; and by the advice of friends she has come to consult me on the question of the possibility of breaking the will. I confess I am strongly of opinion that there has been foul play in the matter, but what possible proof can we bring? The young lady's statement affords no sort of grounds to proceed upon—the will is perfectly regular—and yet—and yet—something must—something really *must* be done."

And excellent Mr. Green looked very much perplexed and out of spirits. We had a long consultation; and at the end of it a proposition which I had made was acquiesced in. My feelings were thoroughly enlisted in the matter; and it was determined that, after the visit of the young lady on the next day, I should set out for the neighborhood of "Hockley," and see what the state of things really was.

On the next day Miss Ellenborough called at the appointed hour, and this time I was included in the conference. She raised her vail, and I saw one of the loveliest countenances imaginable. Her hair was dark brown; her complexion as fair as a lily; a more exquisite mouth I have never seen; the deep blue eyes were full of the most touching sadness: in fine, the appearance of the young lady was calculated to powerfully enlist the sympathies of a much colder and more elderly man than myself. No new fact appeared. Mr. Green's examination of the will had resulted in his finding no flaw. All now depended upon such discoveries as I could make by a personal survey of the ground.

With this slender encouragement Miss Ellenborough was compelled to return to her home in the country. On the next morning I took my fowling-piece and hunting accoutrements—put a change of linen in a valise—entered my light vehicle, drawn by a fast trotter, and set off for the small village some twenty miles distant, near which lay the estate of "Hockley."

CHAPTER II.

IN three hours, over a miserable road, I reached the end of my journey. As I dismounted at the door of the village tavern I saw a tall, portly man, with sharp and sinister features, come out and mount a fine horse held by a servant.

"That is Wescot," I said to myself; and I was not mistaken, as I soon discovered from the landlord. A single glance told me that I had to deal with an accomplished scoundrel. Fraud and treachery were written on his features in unmistakable characters; his restless eyes, rolling under bushy brows, had that rascally expression which I have never known to deceive.

"Come, Mr. Wadsworth," I added to my first private remark, "summon all your wits to your assistance. Your adversary is dangerous."

As to my course of proceeding I had no sort of scruples. Ceremony was not called for in trying to unmask a felon who had robbed two helpless girls, one of whom was a mere child. To have gone to him, or his village attorney, with an announcement of my purpose, would simply have put the enemy on their guard. I "swore in my heart" that if I could track the villainy by any means short of personal dishonor, I would do it.

In the afternoon I took my gun, and asked the landlord if there was any shooting in the neighborhood; if there was, I might remain with him some days. The sight of a well-filled purse, which I accidentally dropped, procured a very favorable account of the hunting grounds in the vicinity; and having thus supplied Boniface with materials for a full justification of my presence at the tavern, I strolled forth into the fields.

My first object was to discover the residences of Jacob Holtz and Seth Bright, whose names were signed to the will exhibited by Miss Ellenborough—that under which Wescot held. These worthies had signed "in the presence of the testator, and in presence of each other." A wayfaring man, of whom I carelessly asked the names of the residents around me, directed me to the houses. The witnesses were small land-owners, who sold vegetables in the village market. They lived within a stone's-throw of each other.

A single glance, as in the case of Wescot, told me that these low-browed men were capable of the crime of which I believed them guilty. I was convinced that they were parties to the forgery of a will, for which they had been rewarded. Their domiciles were in some confusion; and, passing on, I learned from one of their neighbors that they were in a few days to "leave the county." My suspicion was confirmed by this circumstance—Wescot was removing the accomplices of his fraud.

I did not accost these men, fearing to excite suspicion. I inquired the way to the humble dwelling of an old negro who had been set free by Mr. Ellenborough some years before his death, as Miss E. had informed me, but had been frequently at the Hockley House during his master's last illness. Old Isaac, I had been notified, could be thoroughly trusted; and this I found the case. His head was as white as snow. When I mentioned his "old master" his whole countenance lit up; and at the name of Wescot this expression as suddenly gave way to a sort of sullen contempt. I no longer hesitated. I told the old man the purpose of my visit, and impressed upon him the importance of recalling all which he had witnessed at the hall.

When he understood that the interests of his young mistress were involved, old Isaac's countenance was filled with earnest attention. He declared that he knew something which had long weighed on him, but he had been afraid of Wescot, and concealed it. With a cautious survey of the premises, and after carefully closing the door, I listened to his communication.

It was briefly to this effect: His master had never liked Wescot; and the visit of that personage during his last illness had been regarded by him in the light of an intrusion, though a sentiment of courtesy prevented him from displaying it. Wescot had remained, however; and Isaac had heard him, more than once, importune the dying man to alter his will, and leave him a portion of the large property. Mr. Ellenborough had invariably treated these proposals with coldness, and at last requested that the subject should not be again mentioned. Wescot, however, still lingered. He was often seen pacing to and fro in the great hall of the house, surveying the rich furniture with covetous eyes; and at times he would gaze for hours, from the portico, upon the finely-cultivated fields and great woods. When he was accosted at such times by a servant or visitor, he would suddenly start, and look hurriedly over his shoulder. He was then "scheming out," old Isaac believed, his final villainy.

At last Mr. Ellenborough's final moments approached; and he called Miss Louisa and little Fanny to him, and talked with them a great deal. They cried very much; but the old gentleman bade them dry their tears; he was ready to go, and they would want nothing after his death. He, Isaac, was then sent for, and remained in the chamber until his master died. As he came out he saw Wescot issue hurriedly from the library—Mr. Ellenborough's favorite apartment, while in health—with a paper in his hand, which he hastily thrust into his bosom when he saw the servant's eyes fixed on him. On the next day search was made for a will. The keys to Mr. Ellenborough's private drawers, strange to say, could nowhere be found. They were forced open; and the will, leaving his entire property to Wescot, was found.

This was Isaac's story. He was perfectly convinced, he said, that the real will had been stolen by Wescot, who had gotten possession of his master's keys, and a forged one substituted. "But the men, Holtz and Bright, who witnessed the latter," I asked, "were they never at the hall?" Isaac replied that they had been there to pay the rent of their small tracts about twelve months before Mr. Ellenborough's death, but not afterward. I took from my pocket a copy of the will; it was dated just at the time mentioned by Isaac. Wescot had neglected nothing.

I bade the old servant keep perfectly quiet, and mention my visit to no one. I then took my way slowly back to the village. Reaching the tavern, I lamented the scarcity of game in the neighborhood to the landlord, yawned, and retired to my chamber. The door once closed, I sat down, and reflected long and profoundly, with knit brows, upon the events of the morning.

There was no longer any doubt in my mind, if there had ever been any. A base and incredibly audacious piece of villainy had been perfected, depriving two children, as they might be called, of their legal rights. Forgery and perjury, theft and bribery, had been the proceedings and means made use of. Old Isaac's plain and simple tale, which bore truth on the face of it, had made this perfectly evident. Wescot had stolen Mr. Ellenborough's private keys, had stolen his real will, and had placed in the drawer a forged paper, attested by two men, who had, doubtless, under the influence of a high bribe, placed their names as witnesses signing "in presence of the testator, and in presence of each other." No other will could be found—no proof of the perjury on the part of the witnesses could be produced; they were known to have been at the hall at the time; what was to be done?

I stopped at the words, *no other will could be found*. I was not certain that the real paper could not be found—that Wescot had destroyed it. I based this doubt upon two grounds. First, that at this period the destruction of a will was felony; and secondly, which was my chief ground, that Wescot might preserve the paper, to be used subsequently in any secret negotiation which an attempt to recover the property from him might render desirable.

These were slender grounds indeed, however, and the result of my meditations was not inspiriting. I reflected, with extreme anguish and a sort of sullen indignation, upon the result of this crime—the poverty visited upon Miss Ellenborough and her little sister, and I think if Wescot had been near at the moment I should have forgotten the attorney searching for evidence, and obeyed only the dictates of my outraged feelings. What could be done? Isaac's testimony could not be received. I could not possibly convict the witnesses of perjury. I was in despair.

At last, with a more sullen and indignant emotion than before, I rose from my seat, and, going to the window, looked in the direction of the Hockley House. Its broad roof was visible some miles away on a lofty hill, half hidden by heavy foliage. "And this now would be the home of Louisa Ellenborough!" I muttered. "These green fields and fine old forests, and this noble hall, would all be hers but for the knavery of a villain, a cheat, a common forger! I'll go there," I said, "if it is only to tell him my opinion of him!"

In a transport of indignation I ordered my vehicle, put a pair of traveling pistols in my pocket, and set out for the residence of Wescot.

CHAPTER III.

A QUARTER of a mile from the village I stopped my horse in a little wood, and, for the first time, seriously realized the step I was about to take.

I was being carried away by a natural indignation, and, simply to gratify this access of rage, into the commission of an act which might have the most fatal effect upon the interests of Miss Ellenborough. What was I about to do? I was going to say to the man who *had in his possession, no doubt, the real will*, "You are a villain, a forger, a suborner, a felon! That is my opinion of you, Sir!" I was going to afford my indignant feelings this great felicity; after which, if Wescot was not what I believed him—a coward—I would come away triumphant, with the supreme reflection that I had relieved my pent-up anger, and, by relieving it, done what? Why, destroyed the young lady's prospect of recovering the property completely! After such an interview, Wescot's first step, beyond doubt, would be to burn the real will, and then we might whistle for the property. He would send to foreign countries the two accomplices of his villainy, or, if they remained, defy us to prove perjury on them. He would stand secure upon his title, and the young girls would remain dependents all their lives—Messrs. Green and Wadsworth be sued for defamation, perhaps. This was the pretty little state of affairs which I was about to create. My anger did not cool, but I regained my coolness of head. I would set to work more shrewdly than that.

The resolution I came to was a desperate one, but it was the only course I could follow, unless the affair was entirely abandoned. I determined to go to Mr. Harvard—Miss Ellenborough's friend and protector, and a magistrate—to charge Wescot with felony—to procure a warrant of arrest and a search warrant, and have him and the men Holtz and Bright at once taken into custody. The step was almost hopeless in view of the absence of proof, and was apt to be somewhat serious in its consequences to myself; but I resolved to take the responsibility. I would procure the warrant, go with the officer myself to "Hockley," be present, and, if necessary, assist in the arrest and the search. It was neck or nothing; but two blue eyes, which I had never lost sight of, shone on me—the sad, tender face of a young girl rose before me. I did not hesitate.

In an hour I was at Mr. Harvard's, closeted with him in his library. When I briefly, and in the calmest way, announced the object of my visit, he almost started from his seat. He was an excellent, but very cautious and prudent man, almost indeed to the bounds of timidity; and so rough and extraordinary a proceeding, against one of the wealthiest and most vindictive gentlemen of the county, struck him with horror.

"My *dear* Sir!" cried the good man, gazing at me with distended eyes, "what possible grounds can you have for such an extreme proceeding? I grant you that Mr. Ellenborough's will was a very extraordinary one under the circumstances; but what imaginable proof have you of such a grave, such a *very* grave charge against Mr. Wescot? I am not a particular admirer of that gentleman; indeed, I have more than once been disposed to think the will might be set aside upon the ground of mental disability in the testator—but *really*—to grant a warrant to *arrest* Mr. Wescot on a charge of forgery!—"

The good man paused, out of breath. I then spoke. I told him of my visit to Isaac, and what I had seen of Bright and Holtz—called to his memory many circumstances attending the last hours of Mr. Ellenborough, and laid before him the desperate state of this case. It was all in vain: this last consideration was fatal. He even "doubted if he should be willing for me to take any such steps." I rose, bowed coldly, and without asking for Miss Ellenborough, set out for the residence of another magistrate near by. I was more than ever determined. This time I experienced less difficulty. I had found a personage who did not particularly admire Wescot—indeed, he hated him with fervor; and he granted me the warrants.

I set off with them at once, and returned rapidly to the village. The shades of night were descending, however, and it was too late to attempt any thing that day. I had my powder mine prepared for the morrow, however; and I retired, worn out with the events of the day.

On the next morning when I rose, a servant handed me the following note, which had been brought at a late hour on the night before:

> "Miss Ellenborough *earnestly* requests Mr. Wadsworth to see her to-morrow morning, before going to *Hockley*. Pray *do* not fail."

With a gloomy anticipation of the young lady's wish in the matter, I ordered my carriage and repaired to Mr. Harvard's.

CHAPTER IV.

I FOUND Louisa alone in the drawing-room. I think I smiled, with a sardonic air, at the absence of her protector. He had found me made of stubborn material on the previous evening, and evidently had no objection to impose the task of changing my resolution upon the young lady.

As she gave me her hand with sad courtesy and begged me to be seated, I thought her a thousand times more beautiful than she had appeared before. I remember to this day the very dress she wore. It was a simple habit of dove-colored stuff, fitting tightly to the graceful figure, and admirably adapted, by its subdued and modest tint, to the character of her beauty. Her eyes and lips were full of the same pathetic sweetness; and when she touched my hand I thought her own trembled slightly.

I had not been mistaken in my surmises. Her object was to dissuade me from the extreme step I was about to take. I recognized the identical arguments which had been employed by Mr. Harvard on the previous evening, and saw at once that the young lady had been first frightened, then drilled to her part. I was to be kept from moving in the matter, as I had intended, at all hazards; and the young lady commenced by hoping I had given up the attempt to procure the papers against Mr. Wescot.

I replied by producing them, and then carefully replacing them, with an expression of sullen obstinacy, in my pocket.

Then the scene commenced after the most approved fashion. I shall not give the details. Miss Ellenborough with a blanched cheek declared that in visiting Mr. Green she had never designed proceeding to such dangerous measures. She had no enmity toward Mr. Wescot, she said, and if she only were concerned, would never have complained; her little sister's future was a thousand times more her concern. But this proceeding against Mr. Wescot would wound her deeply, painfully—indeed, indeed I must forego it. Mr. Harvard, who had been so very kind to her, strongly disapproved of it; nay, had besought her to never rest until she altered my rash determination; she owed a great deal to him, and could not consent to wound him. She feared she had been very rash in going to Mr. Green, and she had put me to a great deal of expense and trouble. It was only proper that she should return me what I had expended. I was very kind, and she did not mean to find fault, but hoped I would abandon the proceedings, and receive what I thought my services were entitled to.

Here the young lady drew out her purse, handed me a bundle of bank-notes, and ceased speaking.

Never before or since have I felt an emotion of such profoundly mortified pride, such hopeless humiliation. This was, then, the result of my devotion to the young girl! This was the estimate she had of my motives and my character! While I was fondly regarding myself as the champion of innocence against base fraud and wrong—while my whole mind and heart were ardently absorbed in the struggle against the one who had wronged her—while I was actuated by the most chivalric and high-toned sentiments of compassion, indignation; nay, actually by a *love* which had grown and increased with every passing hour since our meeting; now, when the young lady stood in this relation to me—when, like an honorable gentleman, I had espoused her cause without fear or desire of reward, now I was to be met suddenly by a proposal *to pay me for my expense and trouble*, to discharge my wages for labor done, to take my lawyer's-clerk receipt, and dismiss me! Never, I say again, have I been so much mortified and humiliated. I blushed crimson, and, for several moments, could not speak. I saw her gazing at me, and her blushes slowly rose in answer to my own.

"Miss Ellenborough has painfully wounded me," I said at length, in a low voice, and bowing; "I am loth to think that it was intentional. I trust it was not. What I have done and designed doing was without any view to pecuniary reward. I have as much money as I need. I wished to assist a lady who has been defrauded—to right a wrong. Your money would have burned my palm, Madam," I said, blushing crimson, and carried away by mortified vanity; "I would have done for you what a brother would—I would have hazarded my life! I was ready to charge this man with his villainy, and force him, if necessary, by personal violence to right you. I was unselfish, if I know myself; my father taught me to interpose my arm, and my breast, if necessary, between a weak woman and a cowardly oppressor. I was brought up so; you might have—. See, Madam, I am blushing like a girl with shame! You have offered me—money!"

I stopped. I felt so much humiliation—so degraded, that I could say no more. The young lady's reply was broken by emotion, and more than one sob testified to the depth of her agitation. Indeed, she had not meant to hurt my feelings, she said; she had only done what Mr. Harvard had told her to do: he said that I ought to be offered re-mu-neration for my services. She never could forgive herself for making me feel so badly; would I forgive her, and not think her ungrateful for all my kindness and goodness? She was very young—hardly more than a child—she knew nothing of the ways of the world: for worlds she would not wound one who seemed so generous, and—kind, and—good.

She looked so beautiful as she uttered these broken words—her voice was full of such pathetic music, her moist eyes instinct with so much uncomplaining sadness—the sob or two which escaped from her lips went so completely to my heart, that all my shame and mortification disappeared, my face flushed with passionate emotion, and, carried away by my feelings, I lost sight of every dictate of propriety and decorum. I caught her hands in my own, covered them with wild kisses, and told her, in agitated yet ardent words, that I loved her, would always love her—she might think me presumptuous, crazy, intrusive; but no matter! I loved her, and would give her my life if she wished it! Then I stopped.

"Mr. Wadsworth!"

That was her reply, in a tone of hauteur mixed with a species of incredulous wonder. It brought me to my senses. I drew back, and for some moments we remained silent, looking at each other.

"Miss Ellenborough has treated my mad announcement as she should have done," I said at length, with collected calmness, the calmness of despair; "from so mere a stranger it was even an impertinence, for which I humbly ask her to pardon me. It shall not be repeated. Farewell, Madam. Here are the papers which you forbid my using; I yield, you see. May every happiness attend you! Pardon the insanity of a young man who has no excuse to offer for his rudeness but sincere feeling. Farewell forever, Madam."

And with a bow I left her. She was weeping.

CHAPTER V.

I RETURNED to the village with a tempest raging in my breast. This, then, was the result of my chance visit to the place! In two days I had fallen in love with a woman—told her that I loved her—been answered as I should have been—and I was going away forever! "What a pretty subject for a romance!" I muttered, with despairing sneers: "yes, Mr. Wadsworth, you have made a fool of yourself. It is best that you should go back to your law-books."

But I did not recover from my pain by these woeful sarcasms. The wondering look—the quick exclamation of the young lady, in a tone of so much outraged pride—remained. When I reached the village I was perfectly wretched.

Then came the recollection of Wescot to put the finishing stroke to my mental excitement. How I had triumphed in the thought that I would make him disgorge his fraud-acquired wealth! How I had thrilled with the idea that, in open court, before the whole district, I would charge him with forgery and perjury! How, even if Miss Ellenborough did not regain her property, I would brand the miserable knave with the ineffaceable mark of public scorn and loathing!

And now I was punished. He was secure—the arms I had collected were taken from my hands—he triumphed, and the orphan children would feel all the woes of poverty, while he was rolling in wealth and luxury! The thought stung me to madness. I could not leave the country without telling this man to his teeth that he was a knave. I ordered my carriage again, and determined to go to his house.

I do not know what special providence made me think of passing the quarter of an hour necessary to harness my horse in examining the will filed by Wescot in the clerk's office of the county. The court-house was near the tavern, and I went thither and requested the official to show me the paper. He very obligingly complied, and I read it attentively. There was nothing to find fault with: every thing was perfectly regular. It was in a plain and business-like handwriting—perfectly commonplace, as of an indifferent person, who had written it from dictation. I was about to return it to the clerk, when suddenly my eyes were riveted upon the upper left-hand corner of the sheet. Then my glance darted to the date—a sort of tremor passed over my frame—I think the clerk must have observed my emotion. Subduing every evidence of it, however, I gave him the paper, strolled out of the court-house, went to the tavern, and entered my vehicle. Gathering up the reins, I set off toward Hockley at a furious gallop. Boniface must have given up all hopes of ever receiving payment of his bill. But I did not think of trifles. I glowed with vague triumph. In ten or fifteen minutes I was at Wescot's door.

He received me in the library. His keen and sinister eye took in every detail of my person, and asked, before he spake, what business brought me.

"I will first tell you my name, Sir," I said, with ill-concealed disgust, as I thus found myself in presence of the forger; "it is Wadsworth. I represent Mr. Josiah Green of ——, counsel for Miss Ellenborough."

I saw a slight pallor invade his cheek.

"Well, Sir, your business?" he muttered.

"It relates to the will of the late Mr. Ellenborough; and yesterday I obtained the requisite papers for instituting legal proceedings. The character of the proposed proceedings will probably surprise you, Sir."

"What proceedings, Sir!" he said, in a blustering tone; "and what do you mean? Miss Ellenborough then means to set up her claim, does she? So she's not content with the charity bestowed on her by the deceased—she must try and lay hands on his property after his death, must she! You and your employer—this Green—must have a plenty of leisure time to hunt up these parties and prosecute their impudent claim!"

My face flushed with indignation as he thus spoke of Miss Ellenborough, but I remained cool. I saw that he had deliberately adopted a blustering tone to frighten me.

"And as to your 'papers to institute proceedings,'" he went on in an insolent and bullying tone, "you and your pettifogging employer may make what you can of them! You and your client are well suited! She first shamelessly intruded on my deceased relative, and now aims at juggling me out of his estate!"

I set my teeth close, and, looking the speaker straight in the eyes, said:

"Do you know the character of the papers I procured yesterday, Sir?"

"Curse your papers! I neither know nor care!"

"Still, I beg leave to inform you, Sir," I said, growing colder and more resolute as the interview proceeded, "the papers in question were a search-warrant to search this house for the true will of the late Mr. Ellenborough, and a warrant of arrest to be executed on your person as a forger and suborner—as the forger of Mr. Ellenborough's name at the foot of the instrument admitted to probate, and the accomplice of the men Holtz and Bright, who perjured themselves."

The bolt struck him full in front. For a moment it seemed to paralyze him. Then, with a desperate attempt to cowe me, he caught a pistol from a case on the table, and with trembling fingers sprung the hammer. I calmly put my hand into my breast-pocket, and drew forth its fellow, which I cocked and presented to his breast. That moment showed me that he was, what I believed him to be from the first, an abject coward.

"Lay down that weapon," I said, coldly; "and do not think, with your vaporing, to frighten me. It will be time thrown away, Sir!"

His face turned as pale as death, and he did not sustain my look. Still, he made a last effort to support his tone of bluster.

"And this is the way you practice law, is it, Sir?" he said; "you come armed to gentlemen's houses to insult them. No doubt you expect me to acknowledge what you wish—to get a statement from me—to ask me questions."

The air of sarcasm was badly affected. The speaker wanted nerve.

"No, Sir," I replied, "I did not come to ask questions; but, as you suggest it, I will ask a single one: What have you done with the keys with which you opened Mr. Ellenborough's drawers on the day of his death?"

A pallor more sickly than before invaded his countenance; but suddenly his cheeks flushed. I read his mind like an open book. He had remembered that no one but Isaac saw him, and that this testimony was inadmissible. For a long time he remained silent—struggling, I saw, to regain his courage. At last he said, with an assumption of outraged pride and dignity:

"I shall make no reply to your insinuations, Sir. You have chosen to come here and insult me, and you may go and institute your proceedings when you choose. I defy you! Yes, Sir, I defy you to bring any proof of the slander you utter! But take care, Sir! I will take steps in turn; and I advise you not to provoke me. As to the will, Sir, I defy you to break it; it is thoroughly regular!"

I prepared my last and decisive stroke.

"I confess it *is* drawn up with great skill," I returned; "the signature is *well executed*, and all is in form. There is but one oversight."

"What oversight?" he said, eagerly.

"Why, the *paper mark*. I examined the document this morning, and find that the name of the paper-manufacturer is 'C. S. Wadsworth & Co., White Mills, Penn.' Now, Sir, Mr. C. S. Wadsworth happens to be a relative of mine, and his mills were established just one month before the day of Mr. Ellenborough's death. The will filed in the clerk's office is dated *one year* before the time of the testator's death—eleven months before any paper with the mark 'C. S. Wadsworth & Co.' was in existence. A strange circumstance, Sir!" I added, looking the forger straight in the eyes.

I saw that the blow ended all. His face turned ashy white, and he leaned on the table for support. Then, rising, he went with a faltering step to a buffet, and poured out some brandy, which he drank, without water, at a single gulp. When he resumed his seat, I said, in the calmest business tone:

"Now, Sir, where is the real will?"

I shrink from describing in detail the scene which followed this demand on my part. The forger was like a wild beast driven to bay. He exhausted every imaginable device to move me from my purpose. First, he denied every thing; then he defied me; then he acknowledged that the will was in his possession, and offered to give it up for a large sum; then he caught up his pistols and blustered; finally, he took a key from his breast, opened a closet in the wall, and produced the paper. I glanced over it. It was an instrument executed in due form, leaving the Hockley estate to Misses Louisa and Fanny Ellenborough, and naming guardians.

Half an hour afterward I left the house with the will in my pocket. All I had promised was that no steps should be taken against the criminal without the consent of Miss Ellenborough. On the next day it was rumored in the village that Wescot had disappeared. The rumor proved true. Hastily securing all the valuables he could lay his hands on, he had fled, leaving behind him debts which burdened the estate for years afterward. His career was an extraordinary proof of the maxim that a criminal is almost always a coward. It is true that the evidence of the paper mark was powerful; but it did not bring home to him, except upon circumstantial grounds, the forgery. Still, he feared to risk the contest. He succumbed, and disappeared.

I might end here; but a word or two may be added. The real will was dated subsequent to the false one, and thus the young ladies were enabled to gain possession of the property without raising the question of forgery.

Contrary to my expectation, the farewell I had taken of Miss Ellenborough was not a final one. I went to see her again with the will in my pocket, and frequently thereafter for a year. At the end of that time I commenced seeing her every day. In fact, we were married. I do not think that she has ever repented the act; or that the morning was at all unlucky for me when, raising my eyes from the law-book in our dusty old town office, I saw for the first time Mr. Green's Client.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

Being but one of the considerate pauses in a long journey—charitably afforded to the Reader.

COLONEL MORLEY found Mr. Poole at home, just returned from his office; he staid with that gentleman nearly an hour, and then went straight to Darrell. As the time appointed to meet the French acquaintance, who depended on his hospitalities for a dinner, was now nearly arrived, Alban's conference with his English friend was necessarily brief and hurried, though long enough to confirm one fact in Mr. Poole's statement, which had been unknown to the Colonel before that day, and the admission of which was to Guy Darrell a pang as sharp as ever wrenched confession from the lips of a prisoner in the cells of the Inquisition. On returning from Greenwich, and depositing his Frenchman in some melancholy theatre, time enough for that resentful foreigner to witness theft and murder committed upon an injured countryman's vaudeville, Alban hastened again to Carlton Gardens. He found Darrell alone, pacing his floor to and fro, in the habit he had acquired in earlier life, perhaps when meditating some complicated law-case, or wrestling with himself against some secret sorrow. There are men of quick nerves who require a certain action of the body for the better composure of the mind; Darrell was one of them.

During these restless movements, alternated by abrupt pauses, equally inharmonious to the supreme quiet which characterized his listener's tastes and habits, the haughty gentleman disburdened himself of at least one of the secrets which he had hitherto guarded from his early friend. But as that secret connects itself with the history of a Person about whom it is well that the reader should now learn more than was known to Darrell himself, we will assume our privilege to be ourselves the narrator, and at the cost of such dramatic vivacity as may belong to dialogue, but with the gain to the reader of clearer insight into those portions of the past which the occasion permits us to reveal—we will weave into something like method the more imperfect and desultory communications by which Guy Darrell added to Alban Morley's distasteful catalogue of painful subjects. The reader will allow, perhaps, that we thus evince a desire to gratify his curiosity, when we state, that of Arabella Crane, Darrell spoke but in one brief and angry sentence, and that not by the name in which the reader as yet alone knows her; and it is with the antecedents of Arabella Crane that our explanation will tranquilly commence.

CHAPTER IX.

Grim Arabella Crane.

ONCE on a time there lived a merchant named Fossett, a widower with three children, of whom a daughter, Arabella, was by some years the eldest. He was much respected, deemed a warm man, and a safe—attended diligently to his business—suffered no partner, no foreman, to dictate or intermeddle—liked his comforts, but made no pretense to fashion. His villa was at Clapham, not a showy but a solid edifice, with lodge, lawn, and gardens, chiefly notable for what is technically called *glass*—viz., a range of glass-houses on the most improved principles; the heaviest pines, the earliest strawberries. "I'm no judge of flowers," quoth Mr. Fossett, meekly. "Give me a plain lawn, provided it be close shaven. But I say to my gardener, 'Forcing is my hobby—a cucumber with my fish all the year round!'" Yet do not suppose Mr. Fossett ostentatious—quite the reverse. He would no more ruin himself for the sake of dazzling others than he would for the sake of serving them. He liked a warm house, spacious rooms, good living, old wine, for their inherent merits. He cared not to parade them to public envy. When he dined alone, or with a single favored guest, the best Lafitte, the oldest sherry!—when extending the rites of miscellaneous hospitality to neighbors, relations, or other slight acquaintances—for Lafitte, Julien; and for sherry, Cape!—Thus not provoking vanity, nor courting notice, Mr. Fossett was without an enemy, and seemed without a care. Formal were his manners, formal his household, formal even the stout cob that bore him from Cheapside to Clapham, from Clapham to Cheapside. That cob could not even prick up its ears if it wished to shy—its ears were cropped, so were its mane and its tail.

Arabella early gave promise of beauty, and more than ordinary power of intellect and character. Her father bestowed on her every advantage of education. She was sent to a select boarding-school of the highest reputation; the strictest discipline, the best masters, the longest bills. At the age of seventeen she had become the show pupil of the seminary. Friends wondered somewhat why the prim merchant took such pains to lavish on his daughter the worldly accomplishments which seemed to give him no pleasure, and of which he never spoke with pride. But certainly, if she was so clever—first-rate musician, exquisite artist, accomplished linguist, "it was very nice in old Fossett to bear it so meekly, never crying her up, nor showing her off to less fortunate parents—very nice in him—good sense—greatness of mind."

"Arabella," said the worthy man, one day, a little time after she had left school for good; "Arabella," said he, "Mrs. ——," naming the head teacher in that famous school, "pays you a very high compliment in a letter I received from her this morning. She says it is a pity you are not a poor man's daughter—that you are so steady and so clever that you could make a fortune for yourself as a teacher."

Arabella at that age could smile gayly, and gayly she smiled at the notion conveyed in the compliment.

"No one can guess," resumed the father, twirling his thumbs and speaking rather through his nose, "the ups and downs in this mortal sphere of trial, 'specially in the mercantile community. If ever, when I'm dead and gone, adversity should come upon you, you will gratefully remember that I have given you the best of education, and take care of your little brother and sister, who are both—stupid!"

These doleful words did not make much impression on Arabella, uttered as they were in a handsome drawing-room, opening on the neat-shaven lawn it took three gardeners to shave, with a glittering side-view of those galleries of glass in which strawberries were ripe at Christmas, and cucumbers never failed to fish. Time went on. Arabella was now twenty-three—a very fine girl, with a decided manner—much occupied by her music, her drawing, her books, and her fancies. Fancies—for, like most girls with very active heads and idle hearts, she had a vague yearning for some excitement beyond the monotonous routine of a young lady's life; and the latent force of her nature inclined her to admire whatever was out of the beaten track—whatever was wild and daring. She had received two or three offers from young gentlemen in the same mercantile community as that which surrounded her father in this sphere of trial. But they did not please her; and she believed her father when he said that they only courted her under the idea that he would come down with something handsome; "whereas," said the merchant, "I hope you will marry an honest man, who will like you for yourself, and wait for your fortune till my will is read. As King William says to his son, in the *History of England*, 'I don't mean to strip till I go to bed.'"

One night, at a ball in Clapham, Arabella saw the man who was destined to exercise so baleful an influence over her existence. Jasper Losely had been brought to this ball by a young fellow-clerk in the same commercial house as himself; and then in all the bloom of that conspicuous beauty, to which the miniature Arabella had placed before his eyes so many years afterward did but feeble justice, it may well be conceived that he concentred on himself the admiring gaze of the assembly. Jasper was younger than Arabella; but, what with the height of his stature and the self-confidence of his air, he looked four or five and twenty. Certainly, in so far as the distance from childhood may be estimated by the loss of innocence, Jasper might have been any age! He was told that old Fossett's daughter would have a very fine fortune; that she was a strong-minded young lady, who governed her father, and would choose for herself; and accordingly he devoted himself to Arabella the whole of the evening. The effect produced on the mind of this ill-fated woman by her dazzling admirer was as sudden as it proved to be lasting. There was a strange charm in the very contrast between his rattling audacity and the bashful formalities of the swains who had hitherto wooed her, as if she frightened them. Even his good looks fascinated her less than that vital energy and power about the lawless brute, which to her seemed the elements of heroic character, though but the attributes of riotous spirits, magnificent formation, flattered vanity, and imperious egotism. She was as a bird gazing spell-bound on a gay young boa-constrictor, darting from bough to bough, sunning its brilliant hues, and showing off all its beauty, just before it takes the bird for its breakfast.

When they parted that night their intimacy had made so much progress that arrangements had been made for its continuance. Arabella had an instinctive foreboding that her father would be less charmed than herself with Jasper Losely; that, if Jasper were presented to him, he would possibly forbid her farther acquaintance with a young clerk, however superb his outward appearance. She took the first false step. She had a maiden aunt by the mother's side, who lived in Bloomsbury, gave and went to small parties, to which Jasper could easily get introduced. She arranged to pay a visit for some weeks to this aunt, who was then very civil to her, accepting with marked kindness seasonable presents of strawberries, pines, spring chickens, and so forth, and offering in turn, whenever it was convenient, a spare room, and whatever amusement a round of small parties, and the innocent flirtations incidental thereto, could bestow. Arabella said nothing to her father about Jasper Losely, and to her aunt's she went. Arabella saw Jasper very often; they became engaged to each other, exchanged vows and love-tokens, locks of hair, etc. Jasper, already much troubled by duns, became naturally ardent to insure his felicity and Arabella's supposed fortune. Arabella at last summoned courage, and spoke to her father. To her delighted surprise, Mr. Fossett, after some moralizing, more on the uncertainty of life in general than her clandestine proceedings in particular, agreed to see Mr. Jasper Losely, and asked him down to dinner. After dinner, over a bottle of Lafitte, in an exceedingly plain but exceedingly weighty silver jug, which made Jasper's mouth water (I mean the jug), Mr. Fossett, commencing with that somewhat coarse though royal saying of William the Conqueror, with which he had before edified his daughter, assured Jasper that he gave his full consent to the young gentleman's nuptials with Arabella, provided Jasper or his relations would maintain her in a plain respectable way, and wait for her fortune till his (Fossett's) will was read. What that fortune would be, Mr. Fossett declined even to hint. Jasper went away very much cooled. Still the engagement went on. The nuptials were tacitly deferred. Jasper and his relations maintain a wife! Preposterous idea! It would take a Clan of relations and a Zenana of wives to maintain in that state to which he deemed himself entitled—Jasper himself! But just as he was meditating the possibility of a compromise with old Fosset, by which he would agree to wait till the will was read for contingent advantages, provided Fossett, in his turn, would agree in the mean while to afford lodging and board, with a trifle for pocket-money, to Arabella and himself, in the Clapham Villa, which, though not partial to rural scenery, Jasper preferred, on the whole, to a second floor in the city—old Fossett fell ill, took to his bed; was unable to attend to his business, some one else attended to it; and the consequence was, that the house stopped payment, and was discovered to have been insolvent for the last ten years. Not a discreditable bankruptcy. There might, perhaps, be seven shillings in the pound ultimately paid, and not more than forty families irretrievably ruined. Old Fossett, safe in his bed, bore the affliction with philosophical composure; observed to Arabella that he had always warned her of the ups and downs in this sphere of trial; referred again with pride to her first-rate education; commended again to her care Tom and Biddy; and, declaring that he died in charity with all men, resigned himself to the last slumber.

Arabella at first sought a refuge with her maiden aunt. But that lady, though not hit in pocket by her brother-in-law's failure, was more vehement against his memory than his most injured creditor—not only that she deemed herself unjustly defrauded of the pines, strawberries, and spring chickens, by which she had been enabled to give small parties at small cost, though with ample show, but that she was robbed of the consequence she had hitherto derived from the supposed expectations of her niece. In short, her welcome was so hostile, and her condolences so cutting, that Arabella quitted her door with a solemn determination never again to enter it.

And now the nobler qualities of the bankrupt's daughter rose at once into play. Left penniless, she resolved by her own exertions to support and to rear her young brother and sister. The great school to which she had been the ornament willingly received her as a teacher, until some more advantageous place in a private family, and with a salary worthy of her talents and accomplishments, could be found. Her intercourse with Jasper became necessarily suspended. She had the generosity to write, offering to release him from his engagement. Jasper considered himself fully released without that letter; but he deemed it neither gallant nor discreet to say so. Arabella might obtain a situation with larger salary than she could possibly need, the superfluities whereof Jasper might undertake to invest. Her aunt had evidently something to leave, though she might have nothing to give. In fine, Arabella, if not rich enough for a wife, might be often rich enough for a friend at need; and so long as he was engaged to her for life, it must be not more her pleasure than her duty to assist him to live. Besides, independently of these prudential though not ardent motives for declaring unalterable fidelity to troth, Jasper at that time really did entertain what he called love for the handsome young woman—flattered that one of attainments so superior to all the girls he had ever known should be so proud even less of his affection for her than her own affection for himself. Thus the engagement lasted—interviews none—letters frequent. Arabella worked hard, looking to the future; Jasper worked as little as possible, and was very much bored by the present.

Unhappily, as it turned out, so great a sympathy, not only among the teachers, but among her old school-fellows, was felt for Arabella's reverse—her character for steadiness as well as talent stood so high, and there was something so creditable in her resolution to maintain her orphan brother and sister—that an effort was made to procure her a livelihood much more lucrative, and more independent, than she could obtain either in a school or a family. Why not take a small house of her own, live there with her fellow-orphans, and give lessons out by the hour? Several families at once agreed so to engage her, and an income adequate to all her wants was assured. Arabella adopted this plan. She took the house; Bridget Greggs, the nurse of her infancy, became her servant, and soon to that house, stealthily in the shades of evening, glided Jasper Losely. She could not struggle against his influence—had not the heart to refuse his visits—he was so poor—in such scrapes—and professed himself to be so unhappy. There now became some one else to toil for, besides the little brother and sister. But what were Arabella's gains to a man who already gambled! New afflictions smote her. A contagious fever broke out in the neighborhood; her little brother caught it; her little sister sickened the next day; in less than a week two small coffins were borne from her door by the Black Horses—borne to that plot of sunny turf in the pretty suburban cemetery, bought with the last earnings made for the little ones by the mother-like sister—Motherless, lone survivor! what! no friend on earth, no soother but that direful Jasper! Alas! the truly dangerous Venus is not that Erycina round whom circle Jest and Laughter. Sorrow, and that sense of solitude which makes us welcome a footstep as a child left in the haunting dark welcomes the entrance of light—weaken the outworks of female virtue more than all the vain levities of mirth, or the flatteries which follow the path of Beauty through the crowd. Alas, and alas! Let the tale hurry on!

Jasper Losely has still more solemnly sworn to marry his adored Arabella. But when? When they are rich enough. She feels as if her spirit was gone—as if she could work no more. She was no weak, commonplace girl, whom love can console for shame. She had been rigidly brought up; her sense of female rectitude was keen; her remorse was noiseless, but it was stern. Harassments of a more vulgar nature beset her; she had forestalled her sources of income; she had contracted debts for Jasper's sake: in vain, her purse was emptied, yet his no fuller. His creditors pressed him; he told her that he must hide. One winter's day he thus departed; she saw him no more for a year. She heard, a few days after he left her, of his father's crime and committal. Jasper was sent abroad by his maternal uncle, at his father's prayer; sent to a commercial house in France, in which the uncle obtained him a situation. In fact, the young man had been dispatched to France under another name, in order to save him from the obloquy which his father had brought upon his own.

Soon came William Losely's trial and sentence. Arabella felt the disgrace acutely—felt how it would affect the audacious, insolent Jasper; did not wonder that he forebore to write to her. She conceived him bowed by shame, but she was buoyed up by her conviction that they should meet again. For good or for ill, she held herself bound to him for life. But meanwhile the debts she had incurred on his account came upon her. She was forced to dispose of her house; and at this time Mrs. Lyndsay, looking out for some first-rate superior governess for Matilda Darrell, was urged by all means to try and secure for that post Arabella Fossett. The highest testimonials from the school at which she had been reared, from the most eminent professional masters, from the families at which she had recently taught, being all brought to bear upon Mr. Darrell, he authorized Mrs. Lyndsay to propose such a salary as could not fail to secure a teacher of such rare qualifications. And thus Arabella became governess to Miss Darrell.

There is a kind of young lady of whom her nearest relations will say, "I can't make that girl out." Matilda Darrell was that kind of young lady. She talked very little; she moved very noiselessly; she seemed to regard herself as a secret which she had solemnly sworn not to let out. She had been steeped in slyness from her early infancy by a sly mother. Mrs. Darrell was a woman who had always something to conceal. There was always some note to be thrust out of sight; some visit not to be spoken of; something or other which Matilda was not on any account to mention to Papa.

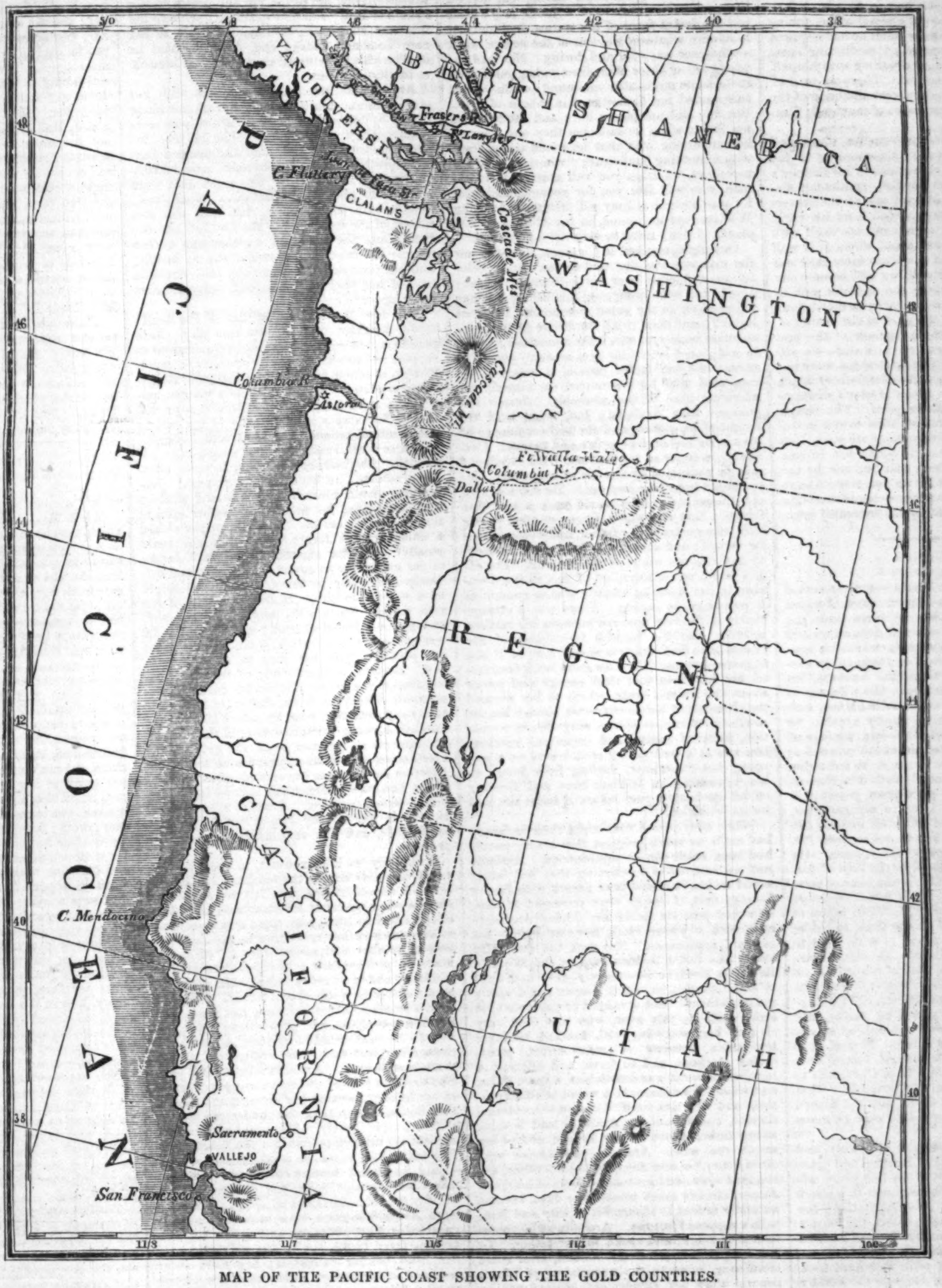
When Mrs. Darrell died, Matilda was still a child, but she still continued to view her father as a person against whom prudence demanded her to be constantly on her guard. It was not that she was exactly afraid of him—he was very gentle to her, as he was to all children; but his loyal nature was antipathetic to hers. She had no sympathy with him. How confide her thoughts to him? She had an instinctive knowledge that those thoughts were not such as could harmonize with his. Yet, though taciturn, uncaressing, undemonstrative, she appeared mild and docile. Her reserve was ascribed to constitutional timidity. Timid to a degree she usually seemed; yet, when you thought you had solved the enigma, she said or did something so coolly determined, that you were forced again to exclaim, "I can't make that girl out!" She was not quick at her lessons. You had settled in your mind that she was dull, when, by a chance remark, you were startled to find that she was very sharp; keenly observant, when you had fancied her fast asleep. She had seemed, since her mother's death, more fond of Mrs. Lyndsay and Caroline than of any other human beings—always appeared sullen or out of spirits when they were absent; yet she confided to them no more than she did to her father. You would suppose from this description that Matilda could inspire no liking in those with whom she lived. Not so; her very secretiveness had a sort of attraction—a puzzle always creates some interest. Then her face, though neither handsome nor pretty, had in it a treacherous softness—a subdued, depressed expression. A kind observer could not but say with an indulgent pity, "There must be a good deal of heart in that girl, if one could but—make her out."

She appeared to take at once to Arabella, more than she had taken to Mrs. Lyndsay, or even to Caroline, with whom she had been brought up as a sister, but who, then joyous and quick and innocently fearless—with her soul in her eyes and her heart on her lips—had no charm for Matilda, because there she saw no secret to penetrate, and her she had no object in deceiving.

But this stranger, of accomplishments so rare, of character so decided, with a settled gloom on her lip, a gathered care on her brow—*there* was some one to study, and some one with whom she felt a sympathy; for she detected at once that Arabella was also a secret.

At first, Arabella, absorbed in her own reflections, gave to Matilda but the mechanical attention which a professional teacher bestows on an ordinary pupil. But an interest in Matilda sprung up in her breast, in proportion as she conceived a venerating gratitude for Darrell. He was aware of the pomp and circumstance which had surrounded her earlier years; he respected the creditable energy with which she had devoted her talents to the support of the young children thrown upon her care; compassionated her bereavement of those little fellow-orphans for whom toil had been rendered sweet; and he strove, by a kindness of forethought and a delicacy of attention, which were the more prized in a man so eminent and so preoccupied, to make her forget that she was a salaried teacher—to place her saliently, and as a matter of course, in the position of gentlewoman, guest, and friend. Recognizing in her a certain vigor and force of intellect apart from her mere accomplishments, he would flatter her scholastic pride, by referring to her memory in some question of reading, or consulting her judgment on some point of critical taste. She, in return, was touched by his chivalrous kindness to the depth of a nature that, though already seriously injured by its unhappy contact with a soul like Jasper's, retained that capacity of gratitude, the loss of which is humanity's last depravation. Nor this alone: Arabella was startled by the intellect and character of Darrell into that kind of homage which a woman, who has hitherto met but her own intellectual inferiors, renders to the first distinguished personage in whom she recognizes, half with humility and half with awe, an understanding and a culture to which her own reason is but the flimsy glass-house, and her own knowledge but the forced exotic.

THE NEW EL DORADO IN BRITISH AMERICA.



MAP OF THE PACIFIC COAST SHOWING THE GOLD COUNTRIES.

As there seems to be little room for doubting the truth of the accounts which are extensively circulated about the recent gold discoveries on the shores of Frazer's and Thompson's rivers, in the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the western coast of North America, we have thought that the reader might desire to see a map of the country. We give, also, a picture of the Hudson's Bay Company's fort on Vancouver's Island, from a sketch made some time since. At the rate things are progressing in that part of the world, our picture will soon be out of date.

The precise spot on which the gold has been found is the point at which Thompson's River falls into Frazer's River. The latter is a river of limited pretensions, navigable only for some twenty-five miles from its mouth, in the Gulf of Georgia. At the head of its navigable waters the Hudson's Bay Company have a fort—Fort Langley—where a good business has been done in furs, and some land opened to cultivation. From thence to the junction of the two rivers—a distance of 130 to 140 miles—the river is full of rapids, rocks, and falls. With skillful management, a loaded canoe can creep its way nearly the whole distance; but at several points there are *portages* which are calculated to try very severely the temper and endurance of explorers. It need hardly be said that the climate is severe. Lying many miles to the north of the most northerly civilized settlement on the continent, the future El Dorado will resemble more closely the northern gold-fields of the Ural Mountains than any that have been worked in California or Australia. The climate has seconded the efforts which the Hudson's Bay Company has made to preserve a monopoly of the country. There are no settlements on or near Frazer's River save the Company's trading posts. A few rare individuals—mostly retired servants of the Company—have obtained land and licenses to cultivate on the splendid soil of Vancouver's Island. But the shores of Frazer's River are an unknown country; and though the meridian preserves the traveler from the intolerable tropical fevers and the ever-growing tropical jungle which are the bane of new countries in the South, these drawbacks to exploration are scarcely more formidable than the severe cold which will impede the exertions of the first settlers on Frazer's River. For at least six months of the year they will find themselves fully occupied in keeping themselves warm and duly supplied with food; and during a great portion of the remainder of the year the spring freshets will so swell the rivers as to render gold-seeking impossible. We understand that the Californians who have gone North do not expect to commence operations in earnest before the middle of the present month.

A glance at the map will largely aid the reader in believing the accounts of the gold discoveries. The range of hills in which the auriferous range of California is found extends, in almost unbroken line, thro' the Hudson's Bay territory. It bears various names. But that the mountain range is the same from the Sacramento to Frazer's River, one can readily perceive. Analogy, therefore, justifies the plausibility of the gold stories. By whatever process the gold got on the tops of mountains, and suffered itself to be washed down into the streams, there is no doubt that such is the law of its existence on this sphere. On this continent the rule might almost be reversed, and it might be said that wherever there are high mountains there is gold. The northern range between the North-eastern States and Canada is full of gold—which, however, has never yet been found in sufficient quantity to justify very extensive mining operations. The range running north and south, and forming the background of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, is also highly auriferous, and gives profitable employment to thousands of miners at the present day. Gold is also found on the slopes of the hills which inclose Lake Superior. Lastly, the great range against which California leans has been for nearly ten years the great gold-field of the world, and the "tail-end" of that range which sweeps round and pursues an easterly course just on the boundary-line between the United States and Mexico is now also known to be highly pregnant with gold. There is, therefore, not only no reason for considering the accounts from Frazer's River improbable, but, on the contrary, it would be exceptional and surprising if the mountain range which that stream waters were not as auriferous as the rest of the range of which it forms a part.

It must be painful to the conventional Jonathan to reflect that these new gold-fields are in a foreign country. It is not worth while stopping to comment on the petty tyrannies of the obsolete association which claims dominion over them; the Hudson's Bay Company's hours are numbered; and their territories—with all the furs, and all the ice, and all the gold they contain—will soon pass under the control of the British Government or one of its colonial dependencies. But to the typical American—the man of destiny and of filibusterism, the youthful hero who looks forward calmly to the acquisition of China, Russia, and subsequently South America and little Europe—it must be dolorous to reflect that those new gold-fields, which, if the Californian miners are to be believed, surpass the richest diggings in the Golden State, are in a foreign country. Nor can he hope, as he may reasonably do in reference to Arigona and its mines, that all that is worth having in the land of the foreigner will soon pass under the talon of the American eagle. If Frazer's River be worth keeping, John Bull will keep it. There is that, at least, about John—he is bull-headed when you try to bully him; and if the miners on the new placers go for annexation to the United States (as they naturally will, being mostly of American breed), he will spend millions rather than let them go. Ah! what a blunder it was to make such a fuss about "54° 40′ or fight," and then to be satisfied after all with 49°.

We have made arrangements for illustrating, from time to time, the progress which may be made in the development of this new gold territory, so far as it may be developed. The public may soon learn that it deserves additional attention from the probability of its becoming the terminus of the first Pacific railroad. A party of British engineers have already been detailed for the survey. It would be characteristic of the British Government to build the road at the national expense, while we are haggling and making Buncombe speeches about our routes. And notwithstanding the disadvantage of climate under which they labor in the north, the thing may be done.

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

Miscellany.

—Mr. Elliot, in his "Scenes of Clerical Life," speaks thus sensibly of the true character of

The World's Working Men:

The blessed work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect men; and I should imagine that neither Luther nor John Bunyan, for example, would have satisfied the modern demand for an ideal hero, who believes nothing but what is true, feels nothing but what is exalted, and does nothing but what is graceful. The real heroes, of God's making, are quite different: they have their natural heritage of love and conscience which they drew in with their mother's milk; they know one or two of those deep spiritual truths which are only to be won by long wrestling with their own sins and their own sorrows; they have earned faith and strength so far as they have done genuine work; but the rest is dry, barren theory, blank prejudice, vague hearsay. Their insight is blended with mere opinion; their sympathy is perhaps confined in narrow conduits of doctrine, instead of flowing forth with the freedom of a stream that blesses every weed in its course; obstinacy or self-assertion will often interfuse itself with their grandest impulses; and their very deeds of self-sacrifice are sometimes only the rebound of a passionate egotism.

—A queer document, of the olden time, is this

Hangman's Bill:

A Dutch journal recounts that at the beginning of the last century the city of Amsterdam was in the habit of employing the Haarlem executioner, and that with a view to save traveling expenses it was usually contrived that a good many executions should be fixed for the same day. The following bill, showing the amount earned by this fortunate and painstaking functionary on December 17, 1712, is preserved in the archives of Amsterdam: "To beheading a man, 15 fl.; to hanging another, 6 fl.; to breaking a man on the wheel, 9 blows, at 3 fl. the blow, 27 fl.; to hanging the same individual afterward, 6 fl.; to hanging two others, with swords stuck in their heads, 18 fl.; to hanging four more, at 6 fl. each, 24 fl.; to hanging a youth, 3 fl.; to hanging three men and placarding their breasts (N.B. The placards appear to have cost nothing), 12 fl.; to flogging 24 persons, at 3 fl. each, 27 fl.; to, flogging three others, and fixing swords on their heads, 9 fl.; to putting a man in the pillory, 6 fl.; to branding a man in the back, 6 fl.; syndries, 24 fl.; for my assistants, 12 fl.; for ropes, etc., 276 fl."

—Philosophers have often speculated on the intimate connection subsisting between

Soul and Body,

but none so effectually as Sydney Smith. Let lovers of the table take warning from his words:

The longer I live the more I am convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca, and that half the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place, from a vexed duodenum, or an agitated pylorus. The deception, as practiced upon human creatures, is curious and entertaining. My friend sups late; he eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these excellent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in London, and to retire into the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster. And when overexcited nature has had time to manage this testaceous encumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually excluded from the mind. In the same manner, old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese; and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings of the body produce correspondent sensations in the mind, and a great scene of wretchedness is sketched out by a morsel of indigestible and misguided food. Of such infinite consequence to happiness is it to study the body.

Hearts

are of several kinds, and of widely different natures. First, there are walled-up hearts; and these are of two kinds: about one kind the wall is high and strong, and to surmount it is a work of extreme difficulty; but if you can get inside you have entered Eden. Fragrant, and sweet, and fair, as the visions seen in dreams, is that inclosed garden; and it is worth hard labor to gain admission there. The other has a wall as high and strong, and full as hard to get over; and when at last, with torn flesh and dislocated joints, you have scaled it, you wish you hadn't, for there is nothing inside but rocks and cold water. The trouble with these two descriptions of hearts is, that 'tis impossible to distinguish the one from the other until you have almost worn yourself out in mounting the walls. Another kind of heart is that which, having nothing to fence it in, lies open to the passage of all men and cattle—a waste, unfruitful field, of no use to any body, and less to its owner. But there is another kind of heart—a rare creation, but a real one—whose wall is low and almost hid by flowers. The birds make their nests in it, and sing as they swing upon its swaying twigs and festooning vines. Beyond the wall, itself a thing of fragrance, beauty, and joy, lie the enchanting gardens. Delightful bowers invite the wayworn traveler to enter and repose. Spirits of love and beauty beckon the sad and lonely ones to the feast of souls, and a charmed light and glory hover in the whole joyous air. This is the true type of heart.

—In the Barbary States, as well as in India, there are

Snake-Charmers.

Mr. Hay relates that, while in Tunis, he met a party of Eisowy, or snake-charmers: they consisted of four Soosys, or natives of the province of Soos; three of whom were musicians, their instruments being long rude canes, resembling in form a flute, but open at both ends, into one of which the performer blew, producing melancholy but pleasing notes.

We invited the Eisowy to exhibit their snakes: to this they readily assented. They commenced by raising up their hands as if they were holding a book, muttering in unison a prayer addressed to the Deity, and calling upon Seedna Eiser, who in Morocco is held as the patron saint of snake-charmers. Having concluded this invocation the music struck up, and the snake-charmer danced in rapid whirls, which no Strauss could have kept time to, around the basket containing the reptiles. This basket was made of cane-work covered with goat's skin. Stopping suddenly, the snake-charmer thrust his bare arm into the basket, and pulled out a large black cobra capella, or hooded snake. This he handled as if it had been his turban, and proceeded to twine it around his head, dancing as before, while the reptile seemed to obey his wishes by preserving its position on his head. The cobra was then placed on the ground, and, standing erect on its tail, moved its head to and fro, apparently keeping time to the music. Now whirling round in circles still more rapidly than before, the Eisowy again put his hand into the basket, and pulled out successively and placed on the ground two very poisonous species of serpents, natives of the desert of Soos, called *leffa*. They were of a mottled color, with black spots; were thick in the body, and not above two feet and a half or three feet long. These reptiles proved more active and less docile than the cobra; for, half-coiled, and holding their heads in a slanting position ready for an attack, they watched with sparkling eyes the movements of the charmer, darting at him with open jaws every now and then, as he ventured within their reach, and throwing forward their body with amazing velocity, while their tail appeared to remain on the same spot, and then recoiling back again. The Eisowy warded off with his long haik the attacks which they made upon his bare legs, and the leffas seemed to expend their venom upon the garment.

The Snakes bite.

Now, calling on Seedan Eiser, he seized hold of one of the two serpents by the nape of the neck, and danced round with it; then opening its jaws with a small stick, he displayed to the spectators the fangs, from which there oosed a white and oily substance. He then put the leffa to his arm, which it immediately seized with its teeth, while the man, making hideous contortions, as if in pain, whirled rapidly around, calling on his patron saint. The reptile continued its bite until the Eisowy took it off, and showed us the blood which it had drawn.

Having laid the leffa down, he then put the bitten part of his arm into his mouth, and pressing it with his teeth, danced for several minutes, while the music played more rapidly than ever, till, apparently being quite exhausted, he again halted.

Conceiving that the whole was a trick—that the leffa had been bereft of its poison, and that its bite consequently would be as harmless as that of a rat, I requested to be allowed to handle the serpent.

"Are you an Eisowy?" said the man of Soos, "or have you steady faith in the power of our saint?"

I replied in the negative.

"Then," said he, "if the snake bites you, your hour is come! Bring me a fowl or any animal, and I will give you sure proof ere you attempt to touch a leffa."

A fowl was brought, and part of the feathers having been plucked, the serpent was again taken up by the charmer, and allowed to bite the fowl for an instant. The bird was put on the ground, and after running around as if in a fit for about a minute, tottered and fell dead. Its flesh became shortly afterward of a bluish hue. It is needless to say, that after this I declined handling the leffa.

The only way that I can account for the Eisowy escaping unharmed from the bite of the snake is, that either he prevents the leffa, when in the act of seizing his arm, from using its fangs, and that the blood seen is drawn by the teeth only of the reptile, which are distinct from its fangs; or else that the Eisowy possesses an antidote to the poison, and that he puts it into his mouth, and applies it to the bitten part during the dance.

WHENCE CAME THE FLOWERS?

Whence came the pleasant flowers,
Those beautiful and ever-welcome things?
Were they in Eden's bowers,
Born of the dewy showers,
The angels scatter'd from their radiant wings?
So when the Deluge came, and Nature bow'd
Before the deeps that like a vasty shroud
Inclosed together all that round us lies,
The seeds of Adam's happy Paradise
Mingled with those of our impurer earth,
And thus the flowers had universal birth.

A Child

is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is Nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come, by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he can not remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath outlived. The older he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

Odd Thoughts.

—Every man has in his own life follies enough; in his own mind troubles enough; in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough, without being curious about the affairs of others.

Round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it debaseth it.—*Bacon.*

Sleep—Death's younger brother, and so like him that I never dare trust myself with him without saying my prayers.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Reason and Christianity.—You have studied some instrumental sciences, some Latin and Greek; have acquired some notions of natural philosophy and mathematics; have read fragments of ancient and modern history; perused with pleasure treatises, more or less ingenious, against Christianity; and with this little baggage, borne by your five-and-twenty years, you stand up before Jesus Christ and His Church, to tell them that you put them under the ban of human reason! Do you not think that Christianity—which is certainly older than you—has read more, seen more, and lived more with mankind than you have? Do you not think it would have as much right to put *you* under the ban of reason?—*Lacordaire.*

Extreme self-lovers will set a man's house on fire, though it were but to roast their eggs.—*Bacon.*

He who feels his own deficiencies will be a charitable man for his own sake.

Riches are the baggage of virtue; they can not be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march.—*Bacon.*

An application to any study that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men nor better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson; and the knowledge we acquire by it is a creditable kind of ignorance: nothing more.—*Bolingbroke.*

You may extract fire from most things, but from ashes never.

If a man will begin in certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.—*Bacon.*

What Anacharsis said of the vine may aptly enough be said of prosperity. She bears the three grapes of drunkenness, pleasure, and sorrow; and happy is it if the last can cure the mischief which the former work. When afflictions fail to have their due effect, the case is desperate.—*Bolingbroke.*

Half the logic of misgovernment lies in this one sophistical dilemma: If the people are turbulent, they are unfit for liberty; if they are quiet, they are unfit for liberty.—*Macaulay.*

A man can not paint portraits till he has seen faces.—*Marmontel.*

Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all men—to the extent of sixpence: commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the extent of sixpence.—*Carlyle.*

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The following "sentence," pronounced by the Judge of one of the judicial districts of Iowa, is published in the city where the execution is to take place. How coolly, and in what grammatical terms the Judge condemns the "Sheriff of Lee County" to be "privately hanged" for a murder of which two other men had been convicted! "You, Daniel Reddout and Phillip Nash, convicted of the murder of T. A. Harrison, by a jury of your countrymen, shall be taken from hence to the county jail, there confined till Friday the 23d day of July, 1858, and on that day, *the Sheriff of Lee County* shall take you to some convenient place within the limits of the city of Keokuk, between the hours of twelve o'clock, M., and three o'clock, P.M., *and be privately hanged* by the neck till you are *dead, dead, dead!* and may God have mercy on your souls."

A lady asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain. "Oh no," replied he, "ladies who have brains won't wear them."

"In the wilds of Georgia," writes a correspondent, "we have a class of people (animals of the *genus homo*), known vulgarly as 'crackers.' Various explanations of this *sobriquet* have been attempted, but rather unsatisfactorily. They are, in my opinion, the *lineal descendants* of the original prison-settlers from the penal colonies of England. A glance at them will but confirm this opinion, knowing them, as I do, in almost every relation in life by my professional intercourse. I can say candidly, just such a class can nowhere else be found. But enough; I am verging on a field too prolific for these hasty lines.—I have had in attendance, professionally, a family known among the fraternity as a '*real poor-pay case*' for some five years, as usual the most *clamorous* for their *rights*—reckless as to *night* calls—glorying in being able to bring the 'Doc' at any time through mud, thunder, and lightning. Thinking it politic to continue my attentions, I let them have their own way, determining to avenge myself when time and opportunity offered. Fortuitous circumstances brought about the wished-for day. Mrs. F——, a few weeks ago, became the mother of a pair of *twins*, and I requested the honor of naming them. She replied, 'Well, Doc, ef you will promise me to call 'em Skriptur names you kin do it jest as soon as you like.' No sooner said than done. I dubbed one *Belteshazzar* and the other *Beelzebub;* and, said I, call one *Bel* and the other *Bub* for short. '*Belt which said she?*' 'Belteshazzar,' said I; 'real "true and true" 'Scripture name.' The grandmother having been summoned had just arrived, and approaching Mrs. F——'s bedside said, 'Well, Mary! *you have gone and dun it*, and has *got twins, hain't ye?* And what are you agwine to call 'em?' Mrs. F—— replied, pointing to me, 'the Doc thar has jest gin 'em names you will like *powerful well*—a Scriptur name, but I can't remember, so get him to write 'em down.' I put down the names in a *fly-leaf of a Jayne's Family Almanac*, about the only thing in the shape of a book in the establishment which was visible, and read them out to the old lady. The old soul, with her eyes turned up and her hands raised in an attitude of thanksgiving, replied with the deepest pathos, '*Well, Mary, if these children will only be as good as them they is named arter, hit is all I will ax.*'"

EAGLE THE FIRST.

By Alfred Tennyson.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands,—
Close to the sun, in lonely lands.
Ringed with the azure world he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder-bolt he falls.

EAGLE YE SECOND.

By G. Whillikins.

With hooked claws he clasps ye fence,
Close by ye hen-roost; gazing thence
He spies a mice, what's got no sense.
Ye mice beneath can't well see him;—
He watcheth from his lofty limb,
Then jumpeth down and grabbeth him.

P.S.—The difference, though only faint,
'Twixt that and this I now will paint;
His eagle's wild, my eagle ain't.

"The Ruling Passion strong in Death."—Old Uncle John Jones, who lived in Cincinnati a few years ago, was excessively fond of mint. So fond was Jones of this weed that he would be sure to obtain the first mint of the season, and proceed at once to have it manufactured into a "julep," which luxury seemed to be his only glory in the drinking line. Jones would indulge in as many as twenty-five or thirty drinks a day during the julep season. In the spring of 1855 Jones did not make his appearance as usual, and the proprietors of the saloons and restaurants, whom he had become quite familiar with, felt anxious as to the whereabouts of their bountiful customer. Upon inquiring, they found that Jones had come to his death during one of the winter months, and, feeling as if they owed a little respect to their departed friend, they proceeded to his grave, where, to their surprise, they found the mint had grown all about it to the immense height of from a foot to eighteen inches.

When poor Spoon failed he was very much "down at the heel;" and his friends came round him to comfort him, as Job's did when he was boiling over with affliction.

"Don't mind it," said Eliakim, the wooden head, "don't mind it; thank Heaven, they don't hang a man in this country for debt, though they do every thing else to him;" and Spoon, lifting up his voice, replied, "That's so!"

An attorney before a bench of magistrates, a short time ago, told the bench, with great gravity, that he had two witnesses in court, in behalf of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth, for he had no opportunity to communicate with them!

How to Tell a Lady's Age.—The following table will do it. Just hand the table to the lady and ask her to tell you in which of its columns her age is contained. Then add together the figures at the top of the columns designated, and you have the great secret. Suppose an age to be seventeen. You will find the number seventeen only in two columns, viz., the first and fifth; and the first figures at the head of these columns make seventeen. Here is the magic table:

1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.
1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	30	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

"You've destroyed my peace of mind," said a desponding lover to a truant lass. "It can't do you much harm, John, for 'twas an amazing small piece you had, any way!" was the quick reply.

"Mr. Jenkins, will it suit you to settle that old account of yours?"

"No, Sir; you are mistaken in the man. I am not one of the *old settlers.*"

While an officer was bowing a cannon-ball passed over his head and decapitated a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said the officer to those who stood near him, "that a man never loses any thing by politeness."

A traitor is good fruit to hang from the boughs of the tree of liberty."

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and truth are sweet juices.

"I say, Jack, how do dem taters turn out dis year?"

"Well, Cuff, da am very much like the long hair gemmen—all top, and not the least bit bottom."

"Sir," said an irascible man to his opponent, "I believe you are either a deist or an atheist."

"Wrong, Sir," was the rejoinder; "I am a dentist." This was throwing the thing right into his teeth.

Plutarch says, in his Life of Alexander, that the Babylonians used, during the dog-days, to sleep on skins filled with water. The Boston *Times* adds, that in these days men sleep on skins filled with bad rum.

It is scarcely credible that a child but four years old could perpetrate so perfect a pun as the one alleged in the following incident; but its truth is certified to us by a Philadelphia correspondent. The author of it was a little girl. She was playing with her doll by the side of her mother, when, after some consideration, she said, "Mother, I wish my doll was realized." "Why, what do you mean?" her mother replied. "Why," she said, "you see she has only glass eyes; I want her to have real eyes."

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. "Why," replied a by-stander, "because he sees another puppy in your boots."

"What," asked Margarita of Cecilia, "what, dearest, do you think is really the food of Cupid?" And Cecilia answered, "Arrow-root."

The tombstone of a sweet girl, blind from her birth, bears the appropriate inscription, "There is no night there!" The tombstone of a child who died at the age of three years has inscribed upon it the befitting words, "Went in the morning."

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor, according to what he is, not according to what he has.

Louis XIII., coming from the Council with Richelieu, whose opinions had just overruled those of the King, the latter stood aside to let the monarch pass. "Are you not the master here?" said the King, pushing him angrily. "Go before me." "I can only do so," replied the adroit courtier, taking a torch from one of the pages, "by assuming the duties of the humblest of your servants."

Among other clever stories, an Iowa correspondent sends us this:

A green-looking chap from the Green Mountain State went over the line and on to Montreal, "to look *reound* a leetle." Going into a large and handsome dry-goods store, his verdancy attracted the attention of the proprietor, who attempted to quiz him; but unhappily having an im-p-p-p-pediment in his speech, he had to give it up, and his head-clerk came forward to speak for him.

The clerk began. "Mr. Bull wishes to know if you can tell him why Balaam's ass spoke?"

"Wa'al," says Jonathan, "I rayther guess as how that Balaam was a stutterin' man, and his ass had to speak for him!"

Good for Jonathan.

Wind-mills are machines which are only kept going by being perpetually puffed; wherein, Jones suggests, they bear a pointed resemblance to some authors. With this difference, however, the reader will perceive, that while the latter raise the wind by increasing their sale, the former diminish their sail as the wind increases.

Marriage, says an enthusiastic votary of Hymen, is a state of which it is unnecessary to describe the happiness, for two reasons: first, because it would be superfluous to those who are in the enjoyment of its blessings; and, secondly, because it would be impossible to those who are not.

A saw is a sort of dumb alderman, which gets through a great deal by the activity of its teeth. N.B. A *bona fide* alderman is not one of the "wise saws" mentioned by Shakspeare; at least in "modern instances."

When flowers are full of heaven-descended dews, they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs the higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

Francis, Duke of Luxembourg, was a celebrated French general, and much deformed. His uniform success, when contending with William III. of England, rendered him an object of jealousy to that prince, who once, in the bitterness of his heart, called him "humpback."

"What does he know of my back?" said the Marshal; "he never saw it."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, July* 12, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been moderately supplied with Flour, for which there has been a fair inquiry, chiefly for home use, at essentially unchanged prices. Wheat and Corn of prime quality have been sparingly offered, and have been in request. Inferior and unsound lots have been plenty and depressed, having been in slack demand. Oats were salable and buoyant.... A better inquiry prevailed for Cotton, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Naval Stores, Linseed Oil, and Provisions at strengthening prices.... Hay was in fair request, at steady rates.... Hops were more active but less firm.... Rice was pretty freely dealt in at former quotations.... Tobacco and Wool were moderately sought after at unaltered prices.... The Dry Goods trade is generally inactive at present. The Dry Goods imports during the week amounted to $736,221, against $4,433,000 the corresponding week of last year. The value of the imports since January 1 reached $23,306,540, against $50,219,712 the same week last year.... The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations.... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$3 80	@	$4 05
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	3 80	@	4 10
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 10	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 30	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 20	@	5 20
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 50	@	7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 00	@	3 50
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 50	@	4 00
White Wheat, per bushel	1 00	@	1 32½
Red Wheat, per bushel	68	@	1 10
Corn, per bushel	74	@	88
Rye, per bushel	68	@	70
Barley, per bushel	58	@	65
Western Oats, per bushel	47	@	—
State Oats, per bushel	46	@	47
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	41	@	44
Southern Oats, per bushel	35	@	41
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¼	@	12¾
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 65	@	16 75
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 65	@	13 75
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	10 75	@	11 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	18 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	15 00	@	17 00
Cut Meats, per pound	5¼	@	8
Lard, per pound	11	@	11¼
State Butter, per pound	12	@	22
Western Butter, per pound	10	@	16
Cheese, per pound	3	@	7¼
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 00	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	9¾	@	11¼
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5¼	@	7¾
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	23	@	30
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5¼	@	8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	—	@	40
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	27	@	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	22¼	@	23
Hops, per pound	5¼	@	7¼
Hay, per 100 pounds	40	@	70
Tallow, per pound	—	@	9¾
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 56¼	@	3 62½
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	44½	@	45
Tar, per barrel	1 75	@	2 00
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 62½	@	1 70
Linseed Oil, per gallon	70	@	—
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6¼	@	15

Stocks of several Articles in New York, July 1.

	1857.	1858.
Dyewoods, tons	611	2,873
Hemp, tons	185	498
Hemp, bales	8,366	18,481
Lead, tons	1,050	1,700
Leather, Sole, sides	61,700	109,800
Rice, tierces	4,044	6,311
Rice, bags	1,510	——
Tobacco, Manufactured, pkgs.	54,632	38,031

Freights were somewhat brisker. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. @ 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 4½d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 4d. @ 5d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per barrel; Beef, 3s. @ 3s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 15s. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 747.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were not very freely supplied with Beeves, yet, in the absence of an active inquiry, prices were unchanged save for the best quality, which advanced slightly.... Milch Cows were scarce, and were in limited request.... Veal Calves, as also Sheep and Lambs, were less abundant, yet not active.... Swine continued quiet.... The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *June* 30.	Week ending *July* 1.
Beeves	2,941	3,324
Milch Cows	194	188
Veal Calves	879	731
Sheep and Lambs	10,229	8,061
Swine	4,450	3,193

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1578	Indiana	370
Ohio	657	Kentucky	199

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6¼	@	$ 9¼
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@	6¼
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	8 00
" " per pound	3½	@	8
Live Swine, per pound	4	@	4¾
Dressed " "	4¾	@	5½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets are rather more active, especially for Fruit. Strawberries have generally disappeared. Raspberries, Blackberries, and Huckleberries are plenty, as are also Gooseberries, Currants, and Cherries. New Apples, Peaches, and Plums are more freely offered.... The Potatoes now arriving from Norfolk and Long Island are of a much better quality than the early receipts. Old Potatoes are generally neglected. Cabbages are not as freely offered as they are needed. Cauliflowers have nearly disappeared. Those in market are of a very poor quality. Turnips, Beets, Onions, Tomatoes (chiefly from Norfolk), Beans and Cucumbers are cheaper. Green Peas and Spinach have advanced slightly. Green Corn is in from Charleston. Squashes have appeared from Long Island.... Poultry has not varied during the week. Supply, moderate; demand, limited. Woodcock, being much plentier, are decidedly cheaper. Snipe are expected to reappear in market in a few weeks.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Gooseberries, per bushel	$1 25	@	$1 75
Cherries, per pound	5	@	10
Currants, per pound	3	@	9
Raspberries, per 100 baskets	3 00	@	9 00
Blackberries, per quart	12	@	15
Huckleberries, per bushel	4 00	@	5 00
Apples, new, per barrel	2 50	@	3 50
Peaches, per bushel	3 00	@	6 00
Plums, per box	4 00	@	5 00
String Beans, per bushel	75	@	1 00
Beans, per bushel	1 00	@	1 75
Potatoes, new, per barrel	3 00	@	5 00
Onions, new, per barrel	2 50	@	3 00
" " per 100 bunches	3 00	@	3 50
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches	1 75	@	2 50
Beets, new, per 100 bunches	2 00	@	4 00
New Carrots, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	3 50
Cabbage, new, per 100	2 00	@	6 00
Squashes, per barrel	2 00	@	2 50
Cauliflowers, per dozen	50	@	2 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	37	@	62
Green Peas, per bushel	37	@	62
Green Corn, per 100 ears	2 75	@	3 00
Watermelons, per 100	30 00	@	40 00
Nutmeg Melons, per 100	8 00	@	12 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	3 00	@	4 00
Cucumbers, per barrel	3 00	@	4 00
Eggs, per dozen	10¼	@	13
Chickens, per pair	50	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound	11	@	14
Fowls, per pair	75	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 25
Spring Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	15	@	—
Pigeons, per dozen	62	@	2 25
Woodcock, per dozen	1 50	@	3 00

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, July* 12, 1858.

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending July 10, 1858	$2,456,860	$1,286,382
Corresponding week, 1857	9,215,537	1,112,879
Increase		$173,503
Decrease	$6,758,677	

The corresponding week last year was the first clear week after the new tariff went into operation; hence the unusual import entry.

The movement of specie was an export of some $563,000. But, as part of this came out of the Sub-Treasury, it is quite likely that the banks will show little or no falling off to-night; as some parcels of gold came from Boston. The Sub-Treasury balance is five millions and a quarter; the banks showed last week over thirty-three millions and three quarters; total specie—thirty-nine millions.

The course of the stock exchange has been toward increased activity and buoyancy. Toward the close of the week especially this feature was apparent. The following table shows the movement during the week:

New York Central	82¾@84¾@85
New York and Erie	17@18¾@19
Reading	44¼@46½@46¼
Rock Island	73¾@75¼@76½
Michigan Southern	21¼@22¼@22¾
Preferred	42½@44½@44¾
Illinois Central	78@75¼@77¼
Panama	102@104¼@105¼
Pacific Mail	77¼@78@78½
Hudson	26¾@27½@28¼
Galena	85¾@88@88
Missouris	85@84¾@85
Virginias	92¼@93@93¼
Tennessees	91¼@91¼@92
La Crosse Land Grants	33¾@33@32½
Toledo	32¼@34¾@34¾
Delaware and Hudson	98¾@98¼@98¼
Michigan Central	52@59¾@60

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